

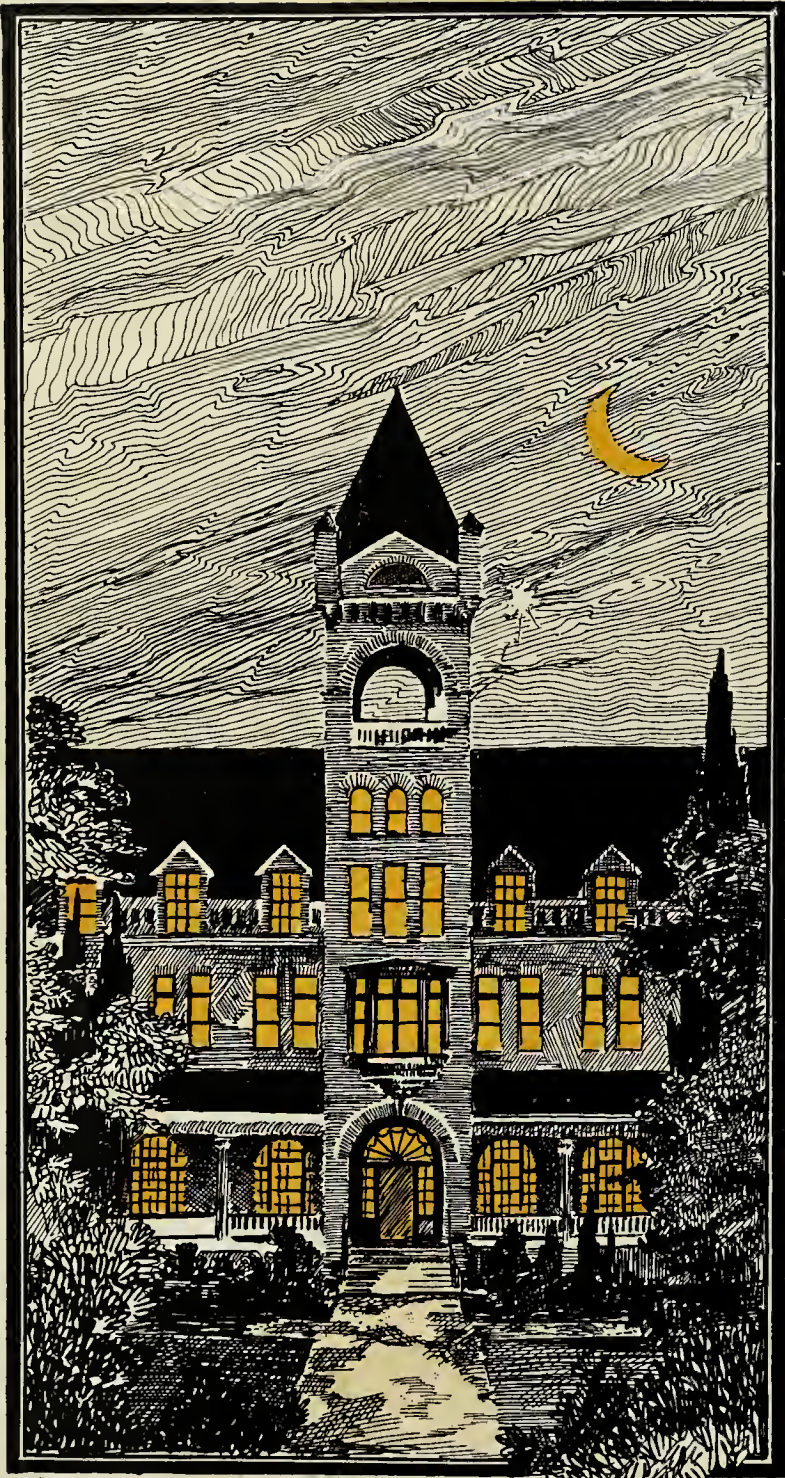
THE CANNON  
BALL



1916





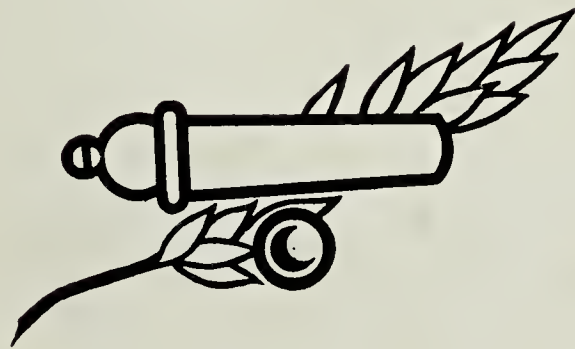




Class 1918  
Eleanor Elizabeth Hepler  
Deceased in 1961

# *The* Cannon Ball

NINETEEN-SIXTEEN  
VOLUME ONE



EDITED BY THE  
COLLEGE AND SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASSES  
OF BLACKSTONE COLLEGE  
BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA



The Cannon Ball



JAMES CANNON, JR., A. M. D. D.,  
PRESIDENT.



# The Cannon Ball

*"A soul of power, a well of lofty thought,  
A chastened hope, that ever points to Heaven,"*

sings the poet, and aptly does he describe our beloved President, who has spent his life in the upbuilding of our College; whose efforts have been unceasing for the enlightenment of all mankind, whose aim has ever been to advance the Kingdom of God. And so, to him, the sympathetic sharer of all our joys, and all our woes; to him, our true friend, tried and trusted.

TO

**James Cannon, Jr., A. M., D. D.**

as a token of sincere appreciation and real admiration, do we,  
the College and Senior Academic Classes, dedicate this,  
the first volume of  
THE CANNON BALL.

## Greetings

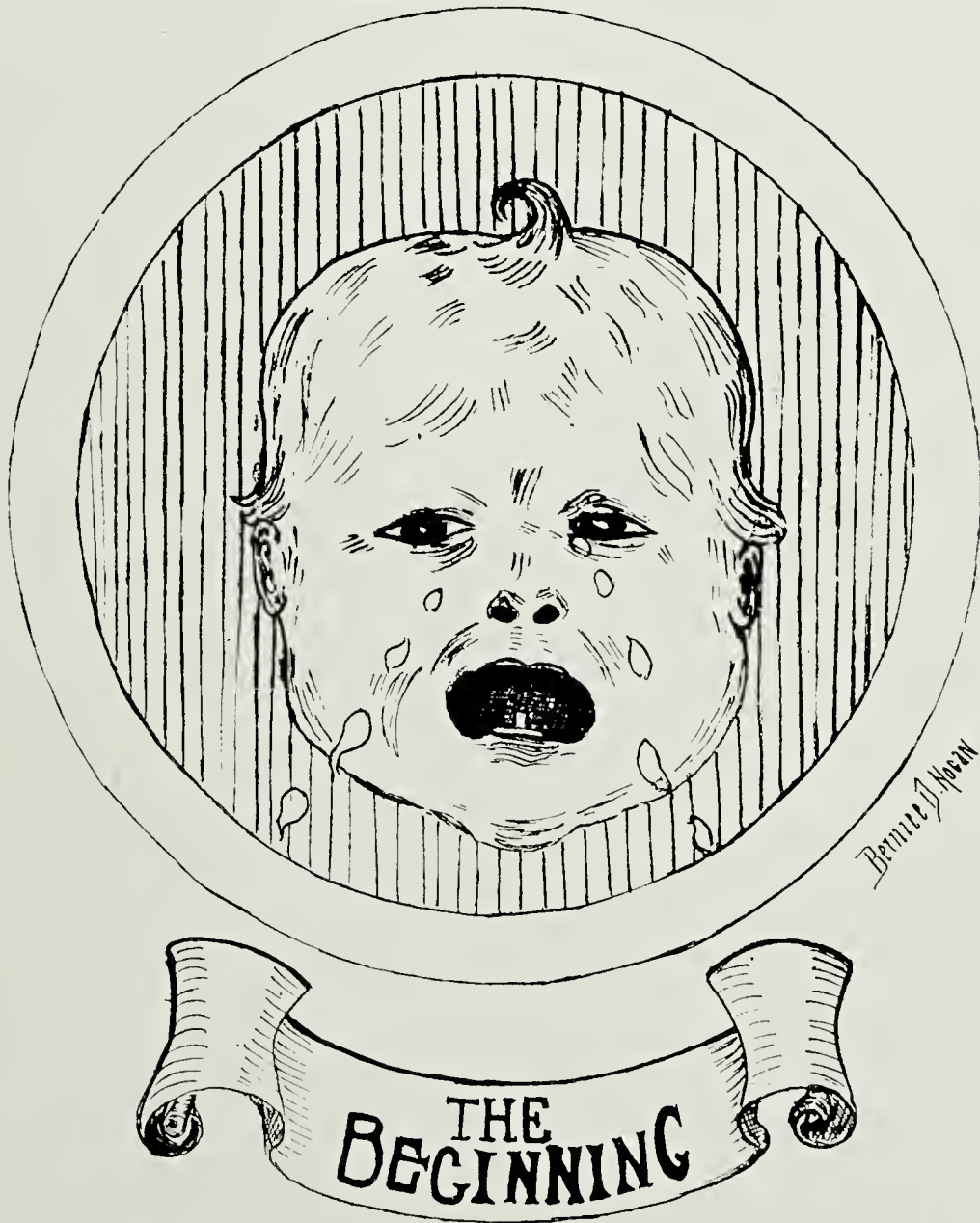


WE beg the reader of this book, our first attempt to judge us not too harshly. Within these pages we have endeavored to present our real school life, the reality that may be sweet to remember in after years. If we have fallen short a little of our ideals, still are the ideals there, and since these ideals, which we have tried to attain, have meant so much to us, we beg you, dear reader, to read between the lines and understand. As Editors, we wish to express our gratitude to those who have encouraged us and co-operated with us in our efforts to make this, the first volume of the CANNON BALL, a success.

THE EDITORS.



1916



# FACULTY



JAMES CANNON, Jr., A. M., D. D.,  
PRESIDENT

## 1. Literary Department

JAMES CANNON, JR., A. M. D. D.,  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH BIBLE AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

LURA LEE CANNON, A. B.  
DEAN OF THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT AND INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY.

CHARLOTTE L. STOAKLEY,  
SUPERVISOR OF ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT AND INSTRUCTOR IN PEDAGOGY.

ELLEN IRBY,  
INSTRUCTOR IN LATIN AND MATHEMATICS.

ESTHER G. LYNN, A. B.,  
INSTRUCTOR IN LATIN.

MAMIE HOOVER,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

MARY BAGLEY HARDY,  
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND ORTHOGRAPHY.

# The Cannon Ball

ELLEN IRBY HARDY,  
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH AND PHYSIOGRAPHY.

VIRGINIA CANNON, A. B.,  
INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY.

MARGUERITE CLARK, A. B.,  
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH.

ERNESTINE JACOBS, A. B.,  
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND GERMAN.

MARY K. MILLER,  
INSTRUCTOR IN EXPRESSION.

MARY O. THOMPSON, A. B.,  
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

## 2. Training School Department

ETHEL C. ROBERTSON

ANNIE MOSS.

## 3. Music, Art, and Physical Culture

HELEN HOPE BROADDUS,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

SALLY R. WILSON,  
DIRECTOR OF CHORUS AND INSTRUCTOR IN VOCAL MUSIC.

MARY LEE BENNETT,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

MARY T. NANCE,  
ACCOMPANIST AND INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

ROBBIE McCORD,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO AND THEORY.

# The Cannon Ball

FLORENCE BROADDUS,  
INSTRUCTOR IN VIOLIN, VOCAL MUSIC AND PIANO.

ANNA DUPUY,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

MARIE BAGLEY,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

MARY ELLA GILLETTE,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO.

MRS. L. E. WALLACE,  
INSTRUCTOR IN ART.

MARY K. MILLER,  
INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

## 4. Other Officers

GEORGE P. ADAMS,  
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

E. S. BENNETT,  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

GLADYS WALKER,  
SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.

MRS. IDA W. SMITH,

MRS. SUE L. HITE,  
HOME DEPARTMENT.

W. V. ATKINS, M. D.,  
COLLEGE PHYSICIAN.

HALLIE FEATHERSTONE,  
REGISTERED NURSE.



# The Cannon Ball

## Board of Trustees

---

BENJAMIN IRBY, *President*.....Blackstone, Va.  
REV. GEORGE F. GREENE, *Vice-President*.....Richmond, Va.  
GEO. P. ADAMS, *Secretary and Treasurer*.....Blackstone, Va.

---

REV. J. S. HUNTER.....Ashland, Va.  
REV. R. B. BLANKENSHIP.....Rustburg, Va.  
REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.....Blackstone, Va.  
J. A. HARDY.....Blackstone, Va., R. F. D.  
BENJAMIN IRBY.....Blackstone, Va.  
W. C. IRBY.....Irby, Va.  
R. W. MANSON.....Jorgenson, Va.  
S. L. FARRAR.....Amelia, Va.  
GEO. E. BARROW.....Blackstone, Va.  
E. F. CROWE.....Blackstone, Va.  
G. T. CRALLE.....Blackstone, Va.  
A. C. OGBURN.....North View, Va.  
E. S. EMORY.....Chase City, Va.  
H. E. BARROW.....Farmville, Va.  
C. E. WILSON.....Crewe, Va.  
W. H. CRALLE.....Blackstone, Va.  
C. S. BARROW.....Lawrenceville, Va.  
A. C. BEVILLE.....Wellville, Va.  
J. E. PERKINSON.....Marmora, Va.  
H. C. BARROW.....Blackstone, Va.  
W. C. SLATE.....Hyco, Va.  
JOHN R. DOYLE.....McKenny, Va.  
W. H. VINCENT.....Capron, Va.  
L. JOHN AMES.....Churchland, Va.  
A. S. BRIDGFORTH.....Olo, Va.  
REV. THOMAS R. REEVES.....Norfolk, Va.  
J. D. CRAWLEY.....Blackstone, Va.  
REV. J. C. REED.....Hampton, Va.  
REV. E. T. DADMUN.....Norfolk, Va.  
REV. J. K. JOLLIFF.....Richmond, Va.  
REV. R. H. BENNETT.....Lynchburg, Va.  
E. S. TAYLOR.....Prospect, Va.  
W. R. CATO.....North Emporia, Va.

The Cannon Ball



FACULTY



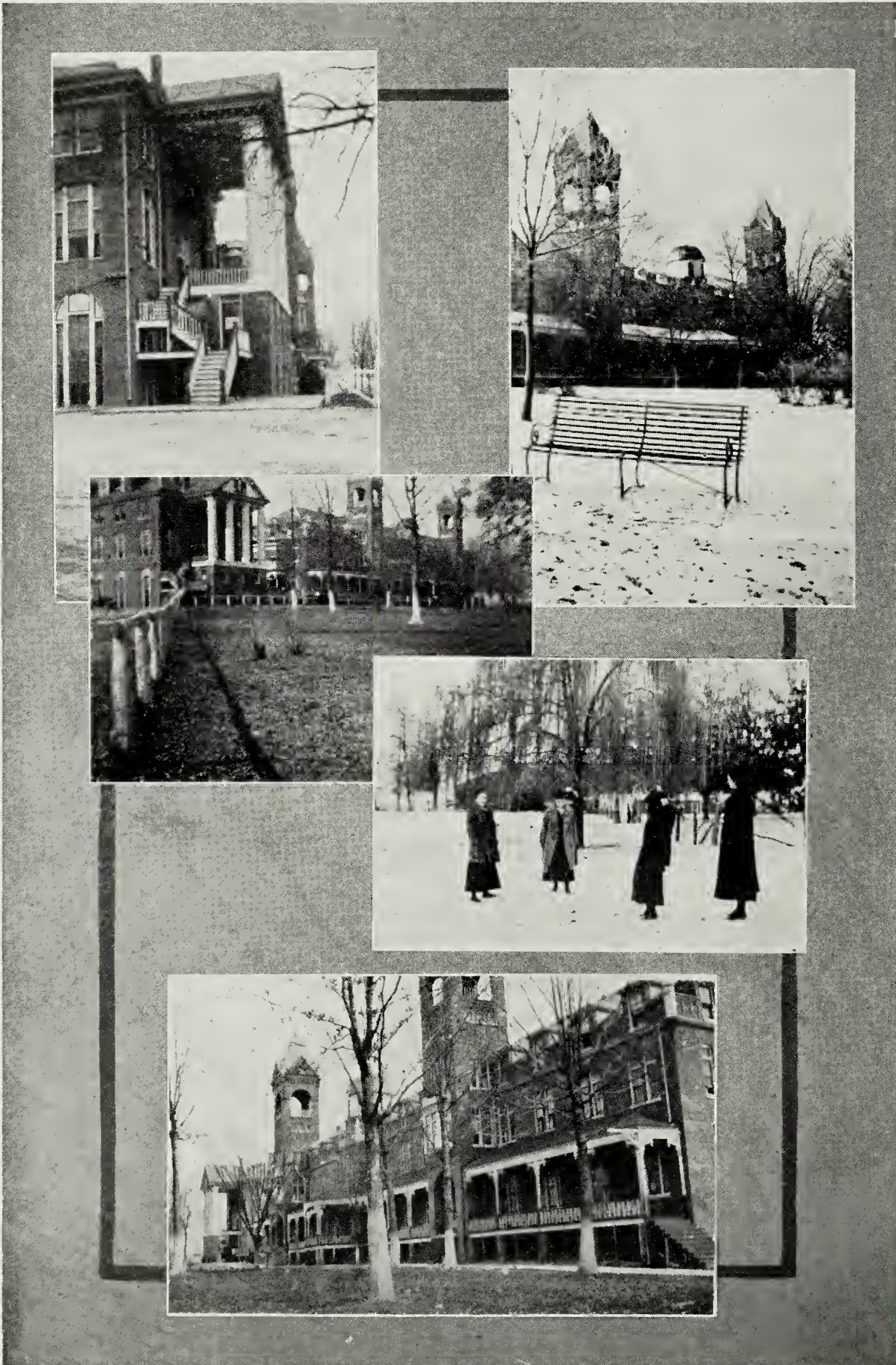
The Cannon Ball



MOCK FACULTY



The Cannon Ball



CAMPUS SCENES



# The Cannon Ball

## Board of Editors

---

GLADYS McGRATH.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
VIRGINIA HOLLAND.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
BERNICE HOGAN.....	<i>Art Editor</i>
BLANCHE BASSETT.....	<i>Advertising Agent</i>
MARTHA HITE.....	<i>Social and Statistics Editor</i>
IDELLE McNEAL.....	<i>Clubs and Organizations Editor</i>
JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO.....	<i>Athletics Editor</i>
LUCILLE CHEATHAM.....	<i>Fun Editor</i>
BESSIE LANE.....	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
GLADYS BARROW.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
BESSIE CORDER.....	<i>Assistant Art Editor</i>
LOIS McCUMBER.....	<i>Assistant Social and Statistics Editor</i>
LUCY B. ADAMS.....	<i>Assistant Clubs and Organizations Editor</i>
SUSIE ELDER.....	<i>Assistant Athletics Editor</i>
RUTH MINTER.....	<i>Assistant Fun Editor</i>
MARJORIE SYME.....	<i>Assistant Fun Editor</i>

# The Cannon Ball



JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO  
Athletics Editor of the Cannon Ball



LUCILLE CHEATHAM  
Fun Editor of Cannon Ball



GLADYS McGRATH  
Editor-in-Chief of the Cannon Ball



IDELLE McNEAL  
Editor of Clubs and Organizations of  
the Cannon Ball



BERNICE HOGAN  
Art Editor of Cannon Ball



VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
Business Manager of the Cannon Ball



MARTHA HITE  
Social and Statistical Editor of the  
Cannon Ball



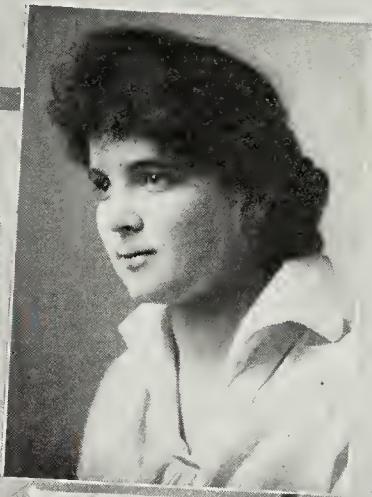
BLANCHE BASSETT  
Advertising Manager of Cannon Ball



# The Cannon Ball



RUTH MINTER  
Assistant Fun Editor of Cannon Ball



SUSIE ELDER  
Assistant Athletics Editor of Cannon Ball



BESSIE LANE  
Assistant Editor of Cannon Ball



LUCY B. ADAMS  
Assistant Editor of Clubs and Organizations of Cannon Ball



BESSIE CORDER  
Assistant Art Editor of Cannon Ball



GLADYS BARROW  
Assistant Business Manager of Cannon Ball



MARJORIE SYME  
Assistant Fun Editor of Cannon Ball



LOIS McCUMBER  
Assistant Social and Statistical Editor of the Cannon Ball

# The Cannon Ball

## Greetings of Spring

---

We welcome thee with joy, glad spring,  
And the merry songs the robins sing;  
We welcome thee, too, my dear wild flowers,  
Budding and blooming in all the bowers,  
Ferns sending up their broad green fronds  
From their mountain beds of mossy mounds,  
Violets blooming, and arbutus gracefully trailing,  
As birds homeward from sunny south are sailing,  
The happy farmer working the land to till,  
And planting the crops that the cribs will fill.

Old Mother Earth has thrown off her coat of white,  
And Nature displays herself with love and delight;  
We no longer dread the hard winter storms,  
For dewdrops wash away fear as spring dawns,  
The brooklets a merry tune they gaily play,  
While the butterflies dance happily all the day,  
The drowsy hum of the sweet honey bee  
Is heard in silence from fold and lea,  
Children joyfully singing and dancing at play,  
As they hasten to crown their queen of May.

The atmosphere is most sweet with perfume,  
As the breeze blows gently from trees of bloom,  
The lambs graze silently on the smooth green hills,  
While the shepherd blows his horn or a merry whistle trills,  
The beautiful sky so clear and blue  
Takes the radiant picture of Nature true;  
For three months we enjoy these fairy dreams  
While the golden sun his glad smile beams,  
Then hot summer takes up the wondrous tune,  
And we bid spring farewell, for it is June.

—MABEL WRIGHT.



The Cannon Ball

COLLEGE  
CLASS



# The Cannon Ball

## College Class

MOTTO: "*Carpe diem.*"

COLORS: *Red and Black.*

FLOWER: *Red Rose.*

### OFFICERS

MARTHA BLACKWELL HITE.....*President*  
GLADYS ROSALIND BARROW.....*Vice-President*  
MABEL FRANCES CATO.....*Secretary*  
KATHLEEN VIOLET GIVENS.....*Treasurer*  
JULIETTE MARTIN OMOHUNDRO.....*Business Manager*

## The Cannon Ball

GLADYS ROSALIND BARROW

BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"Dick's Sweetheart."*

Behold the poetess Barrow! Is it not her ambition to attract Cupid's attention by her beautiful verse?



NANNIE ELLEN BRADSHAW

REEDVILLE, VA.

*"Pride and Prejudice."*

Oh, such a depth of pride is here. Will not her modesty always win for her respect?



## The Cannon Ball



AILEEN BRAY  
RICHMOND, VA.

*"As You Like It."*

Since "Jimmy's" greatest power is her ability to draw on her imagination, should we be wrong in supposing she will become a famous novelist?

MABEL FRANCES CATO  
EMPORIA, VA.

*"The Eyes of the World."*

Will not "Cato's" starry eyes tend to brighten up the ways of "Lords" as well as "Tillers"?





## The Cannon Ball

ALLIE MAE DICKERSON

KENBRIDGE, VA.

*"In 'Her' Steps."*

Think of a musician of no mean degree,  
and you will have our musician "Dick." Is  
it not probable that some day she will be-  
come a second —— ?



LOIS DOSHER

SOUTHPORT, N. C.

*"The Good Little Devil."*

Late for breakfast, late for chapel,  
Late for classes, too;  
When one needs a helpmeet, for playing  
jokes,  
Will not Lois always do?

## The Cannon Ball



KATHLEEN VIOLET GIVENS

BUCHANAN, VA.

*"Sense and Sensibility."*

Study, study all the time! Should we be wrong in suspecting "Kat" will be a language teacher at Princeton?



MARY ALMA GOUGH

GLADYS, VA.

*"One in a Thousand."*

Always faithful to Pedagogy. But does that consume as much of her time as do thoughts of ships at sea?



## The Cannon Ball

MARTHA BLACKWELL HITE  
SOUTH HILL, VA.

*"Old Curiosity Shop."*

An all-round good chum is "Hite," our President. Will not her popularity win a place for her?



GLADYS VINCENT McGRATH  
CAPRON, VA.

*"The Other Wise Man."*

We wonder that so much is contained in one mind. If the picture of knowledge were painted, would not the artist choose "Mac" as his model?



## The Cannon Ball



IDELLE MORTIMER McNEAL  
FAIRPORT, VA.

*"The Way of the World."*

Will we be wrong in saying that Happy "Dell's" aim in life is to be always jolly, contented and free?



RUTH GLADYS MINTER  
MARTINSVILLE, VA.

*"The Flirt."*

Will not Ruth's dainty dishes, as well as her artistic taste win for her her heart's desire?

## The Cannon Ball

JULIETTE MARTIN OMOHUNDRO  
LILIAN, VA.

*"Far from the Madding Crowd."*

As an athlete she has made good, but will her classmates ever succeed in knowing her own opinions?



SALLIE MANSON PETTY  
UNION LEVEL, VA.

*"Daddy Long Legs."*

How tall and slim—but who would not be proud of being the only 'toothpick' in College?



## The Cannon Ball



FANNIE LINWOOD PURYEAR  
WIGHTMAN, VA.

*"Stepping Heavenward."*

Would not this sinful world be more like  
Heaven if all were like "Perray"?

MARY RICH TRUITT  
LILIAN, VA.

*"The Magic Camco."*

Smiles, smiles, ever—but do not some  
receive more than others?





# The Cannon Ball

## Snapshots of the College Class

NAME.	ADMIRED FOR.	FAVORITE PASTIME.	FAVORITE SLANG EXPRESSION.	LOAFING PLACE.	CHIEF DESIRE.	PROBABLY WILL BE.
Aileen Bray	Neatness	Flirting	"You're right now"	Martin's	To get Richmond papers	A lawyer's wife.
Nannie Bradshaw	Good nature	Reading Virgil	"Deed you don't"	"E"	To get a man	Virgil's Æneid.
Gladys Barrow	Good looks	Talking to B.M.A. boys	"Go 'way from here"	Club	To go <b>off</b> to school	Dancing teacher.
Mabel Cato	K. A. Pin	Writing to W. & L.	"You nutt"	Anderson & Smith	To marry a rich man	A "Tiller."
Allie Mae Dickerson	Studiosness	Practicing	"Oh Peter!"	Music Hall	To play like Miss Helen	An "Allemand."
Lois Dasher	Brightness	Reading magazines	"Look'er"	Under bed	To play a joke	An old man's darling.
Kathleen Givens	Vast size	Studying	"Oh Glory!"	B. M. A. corner	To get a Mrs."	A suffragette.
Alma Gough	Her pearly tooth	"Crushing"	"Gosh!"	Goodness only knows	To sail(or) the deep	A dead woman.
Martha Hite	Curiosity	Gossiping	"Git up, Jack, I'm mad wit you"	"Sue's room"	To be a news reporter	Better half of a "reed."
Idelle McNeal	Witty disposition	Going to town	"Hurrah for Xmas"	Book store	To organize a joke club	Circus leader.
Gladys McGrath	Sarcasm	Looking at Annuals	"You bean"	Book store	To be a journalist	Missionary.
Ruth Minter	Temper	Flying off the handle	"Hi, dawg"	Blanton's	To be a boss	Housekeeper.
Juliette Omohundro	Popularity	Studying history	"Deed I do"	Library	To be (H)Onest	A farmer's wife.
Fanny Puryear	Perseverance	Reading Pedagogy	"Oh me"	Classroom No. 1	Perfection	"Crockery."
Sallie M. Petty	Width and height	Writing to her Mamma	"John Brown It"	On halls with Cora	To sing	An old maid.
Mary Truitt	Pretty hair	Curling her hair	"I swigger"	Little store	To get a settee	A "davenport."

M. CATO.

# The Cannon Ball

## Class Song

TUNE—"Just Across the Bridge of Years,  
Dear."

Dear old class, we'll ever praise thee;  
Dear old class, to thee, be true.  
Colors Red and Black, we'll raise thee  
To the skies of azure blue.  
Yet the years may come to sever  
Friendships held so dear today,  
Memories sweet will bind us ever,  
Tho we've drifted far away.

### CHORUS.

Just across the bridge of years, dear,  
We will ever dream of thee—  
To the Class of One-and-Seven;  
We will ever loyal be;  
Our motto, "*Carpe Diem*";  
And the fragrant red, red rose  
Will remind us of each other  
As the years around us close.

—BARROW.



The Cannon Ball

SENIOR  
CLASS



# The Cannon Ball

## Senior Class

MOTTO: *Charitas numquam excidit.*

COLORS: *Dark Green and Old Rose.*

FLOWER: *La France Rose.*

### OFFICERS

VIRGINIA LUCK HOLLAND.....*President*

ANNIE LOUISE ADAMS.....*Vice-President*

FRANCES EDWARD GRANT.....*Secretary*

HAZEL ELIZABETH DUDLEY.....*Treasurer*

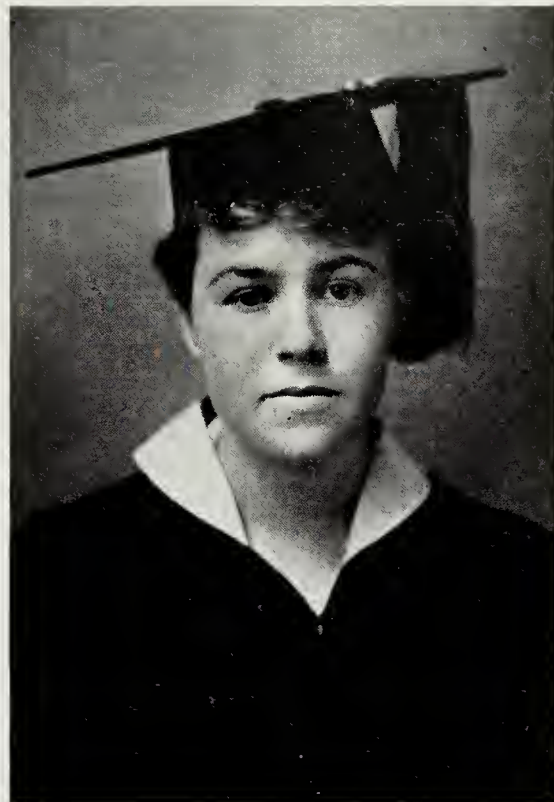


## The Cannon Ball

ANNIE LOUISE ADAMS  
BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"So deep a depth of friendship rare is found."*

Louise is certainly one of the most popular girls of our class, and well she deserves to be. We are sure that there is no other girl who is any more sincere, and she is always striving to do the right thing at the right time. She is admired by everyone; and even adored by some. She always feels for those who are wounded or "Hurt." This very name seems to fill her heart, and cause the roses to bloom on her cheeks, and the love-light to shine in her eyes.



LUCY OBEDIENCE ADAMS  
BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"True to God in all her work;  
Never duty tries to shirk;  
Gentle, tender, kind and true;  
Pure and bright as the morning dew."*

Lucy B. is our favorite day pupil. She is full of fun and enjoys a good joke. She usually expresses her opinions freely in class meetings. Lucy B. is a good student, conscientious in all her work and possessed of a splendid mind.

## The Cannon Ball



MILDRED JOSEPHINE ATWOOD  
PRINCESS ANNE, VA.

*"Let the world wagge, I take myne ease  
in myne time."*

It's no use, don't ever try to get "Mid" Atwood to hurry, for your energy will be wasted; but true to the old axiom, "Slow and steady wins the race," Mildred has won out in the battle with Pedagogy, History, Psychology, etc., as well as winning a heap of friends at the same time. She always wears a smile, and judging from her countenance one would conclude that she was in the habit of playing pranks on her schoolmates, but it has been discovered by certain parties that her nature is better adapted to "biting" at jokes than at playing them, which fact has made life for her in old No. 40 rather interesting.

MABEL HAGOOD ANDERSON  
EDGERTON, VA.

*"And still they gazed and still their wonder  
grew  
That one small head could carry all she  
knew."*

Mabel first saw the light in the year 1897. In September, 1914, she found her way to Blackstone College, and our first opinions of her have been confirmed; for Mabel, the gentle and mild, goes on her way serenely—never satisfied to be away from the sun. Therefore we see passing calmly down the pathway of life—Mabel And-(h)er-son.





## The Cannon Ball

### BLANCHE ESTELLE BASSETT

BASSETTS, VA.

*"Be a good sport, if you only last for a minute."*

"Beb," our good thrower, has worked up quite a "rep" on the basket ball field for the past three years. She is fond of teasing the girls and does not refrain from it if she can find a "touchous stop." "Beb" likes to keep up with the styles, but is very hard to please, so she will fuss with (the) "Taylor."



### MABEL BASSETT

BASSETTS, VA.

*"Always in haste, but never in a hurry."*

Here is a girl who always has time for the things that are worth while, but never has any to spend idly. Mabel is known in school by her gentle manners, her friendliness and her perseverance at any task.

Leaving Blackstone, she will continue to labor in broader fields of learning, where her work will be characterized by the same standard of excellence that she has attained during her sojourn with us.

## The Cannon Ball



HELEN BISHOP

BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"Tell me where is fancy bred,  
In the heart, or in the head?"*

Ever in search of pleasure, Helen seems to think that "fancy bread" is found in the heart alone. Study is the bane of her existence, and when in her presence one is impressed with the idea that she never studies; but just the same, as if by magic, Helen seems to be coming out even in the final race.

MINNIE LUCILLE BONNEY

NORFOLK, VA.

*"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,  
and a hand to execute."*

Lucille has been with us for three years, and during this time we have never seen her when a strand of hair was rumpled, or a plait, or ruffle out of place; in other words, she is the essence of neatness, even to the point of biting a bean in two before swallowing. Nevertheless, Lucille is a girl who is always faithful to her friends and to her duty.



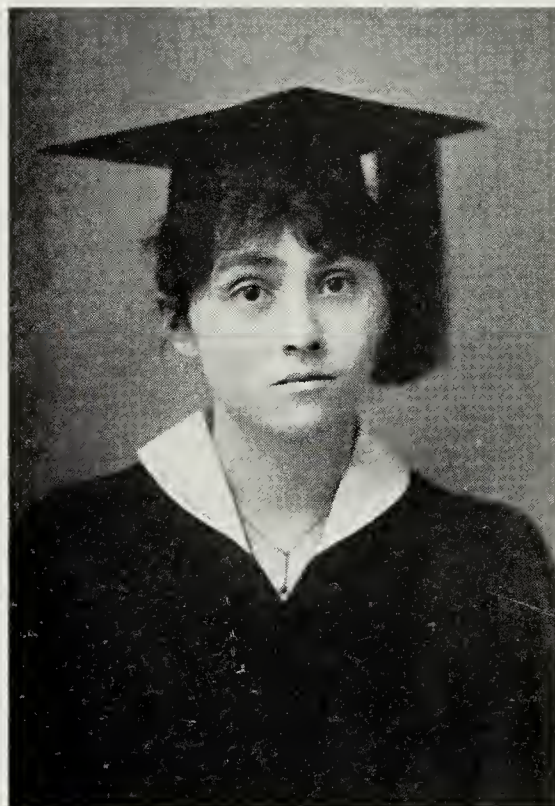


## The Cannon Ball

MARY VIRGINIA BONNEY  
NORFOLK, VA.

*"Ever charming, ever new."*

Each day reveals to us a new side of Virginia's character; some days she is merry, some days sad, some days totally indifferent to the world and its ways; and then her nature seems to assume a dependent air, and we wonder what she would do without "Lucille." Virginia has, however, served us faithfully for two years on the basket ball court, and but for her excellence in that game, the class of sixteen could not have attained so high a standard of championship.

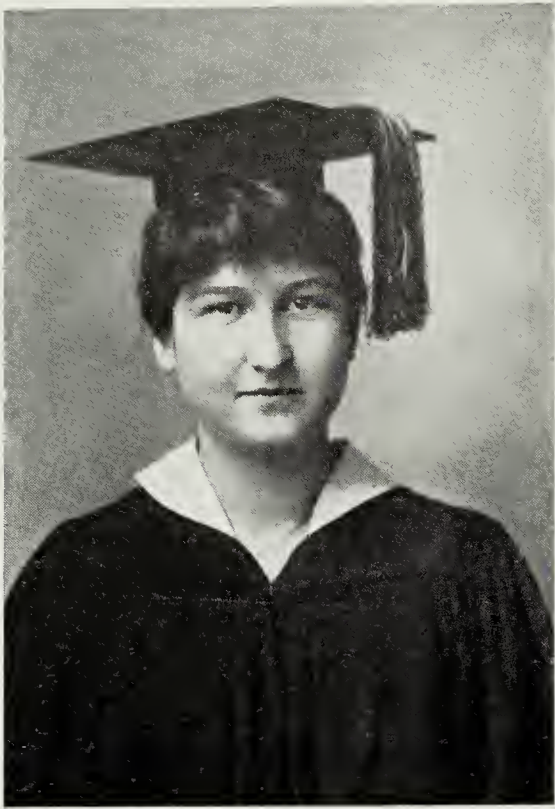


FRANCES VIRGINIA CAPPS  
PRINCESS ANNE, VA.

*"And must I work, O what a waste of time."*

Frank—a little dark-haired girl from Princess Anne—has flitted away much time, but she seems to have gained much valuable information along with her pursuit of happiness, and her chief aim seems to be a knowledge of History. We all join in wishing her much success and hope that the great Thomas Jefferson will be all to her in the future that could be expected of such a noble and brave gentleman.

## The Cannon Ball



SALLIE ELIZABETH CARROLL  
ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

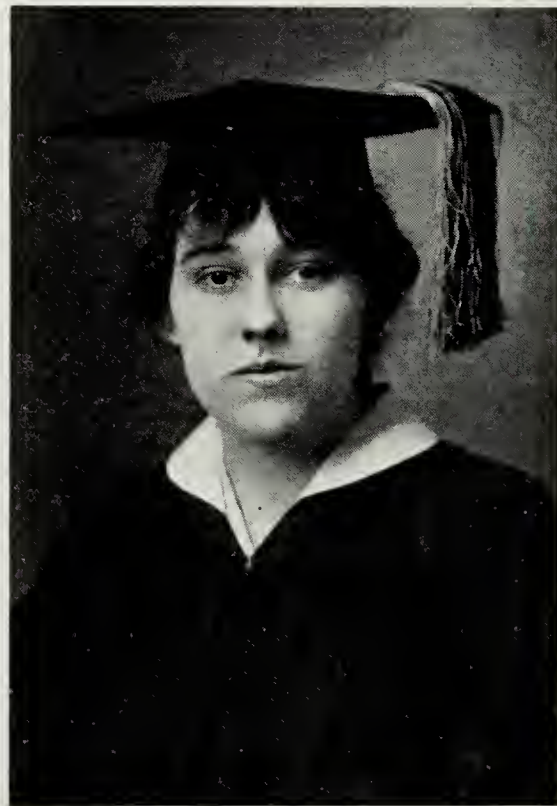
*"She thinks too much—such girls are dangerous."*

Sallie is the well known "reporter" of the whole school. She always knows a week ahead when anything is to happen. She has a most devoted love for all the teachers, especially when she wants to know her grades on English, or Chemistry, and finds it a great convenience to call upon teachers at her leisure. Those who know Sallie best have learned that she has some serious trouble—it is not a chilblain,—but a Joe Blaine.

RUTH ALISE CLAY  
PETERSBURG, VA.

*"The gentle mind, by gentle deeds is known."*

From Adam on we have been made of the dust of the earth, but Alice is the "Clay" of our class. Some, we find, are the salt of the earth, and our "Clay" is no exception. Only once has she flirted, and then it was with . . . a Baptist minister, whom she hailed from a distance! She thought that it was Mr. Adams, and great was her chagrin when the mistake was discovered. Notwithstanding this little lapse, "Clay" has won the hearts of schoolmates and teachers—although music teachers seem to be her specialty!





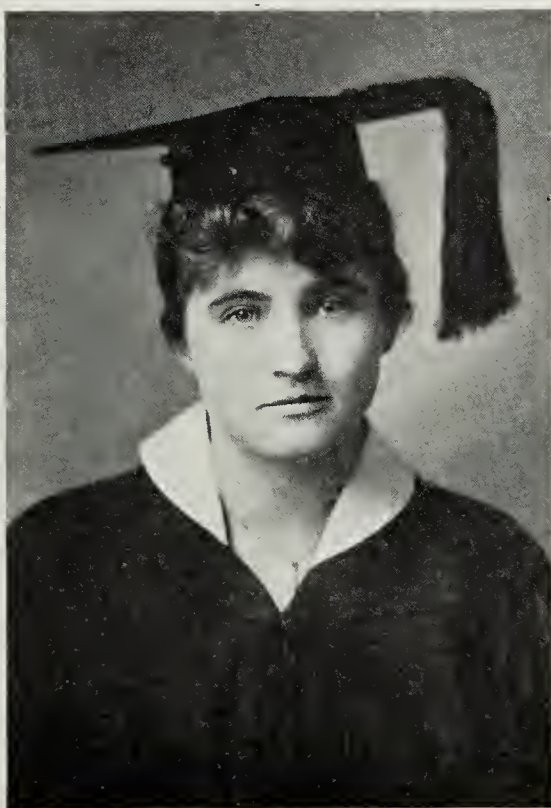
## The Cannon Ball

BESSIE GERTRUDE CORDER

HUME, VA.

*"Love is the essence of all things."*

Bessie certainly has the spirit of love, and it will be safe to say that it has warmed other hearts than those in her circle of friends at school. One never knows what new and charming things will be revealed in her character each new day.



VIOLA RUTH COFER

FOREST, VA.

*"I am sure care is an enemy of life."*

Bedford County produces much fine material. One of her best products is Ruth. An easy conscience makes a light heart. We are sure there is nothing on Ruth's conscience, for her cheerfulness of disposition is proverbial, and her chief aim in life seems to be "make 'Hay' while the sun shines."

## The Cannon Ball



MINERVA LUCILLE CHEATHAM

WIRTZ, VA.

*"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant to think on."*

Lucille is certainly our "blushing rose." She is modest, even timid at times, but we know from long experience her opinions are trustworthy and her judgments worth listening to. She is not always silent, as we have found, but we know that she is very particular to whom she speaks, and she believes "a 'word' to the wise is sufficient."

ANNIE BELLE CROWDER

WOODSDALE, N. C.

*"The path of duty was the way to glory."*

Annie Belle is a jolly good companion and helper for all the girls. She never shirks, but makes others happy by doing the hard things herself. We know not yet what she is going to do in life, but we do know that she will do what she should. She has the confidence and love of all her class.





## The Cannon Ball

BESSIE LEE DICKENS

CAPRON, VA.

*"True wit is like the brilliant stone dug from the Indian mine."*

Bessie's career at Blackstone has been a brilliant one. She has scored success in every class, and especially in those where the flowers of wit and imagination are called into play. Bessie serves us in the capacity of class prophet, and agreeing that "there is nothing new under the sun" to write, we find that she is quite capable of clothing the old in new garb. We predict for her a bright future in the service of mankind, most probably in the realm of literature.



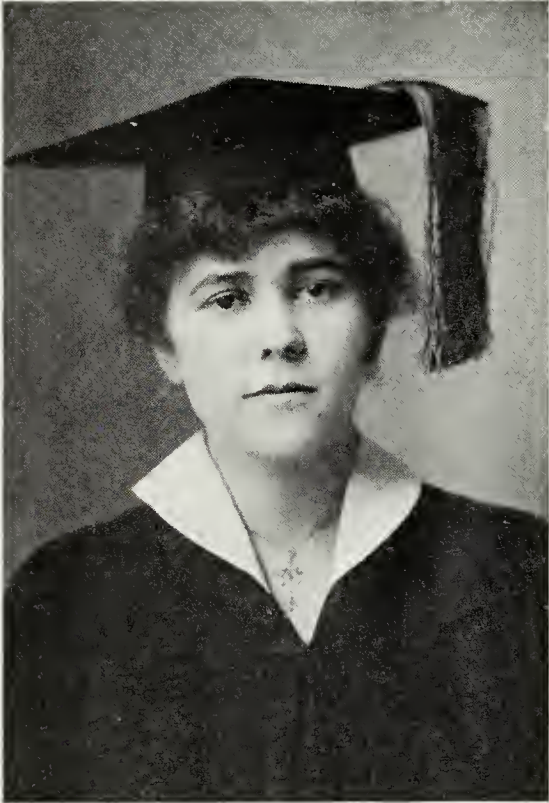
HELEN ALLEN DICKENS

CAPRON, VA.

*"Perseverance is her virtue."*

Helen entered Blackstone College in 1913, and since then has been making friends. One cannot but count her as a friend; she can be depended upon at all times, and she has proved herself a worthy addition to the class of 1916.

## The Cannon Ball



HAZEL ELIZABETH DUDLEY

BACK BAY, VA.

*"And when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."*

"Snookums" Dudley is one of those trustworthy and dependable girls whom one could not do without. She has a splendid business ability which is shown by the fact that she handles the finances for every organization of which she is a member. Although her curly head is kept busy balancing accounts, she always finds time to play plenty of jokes on her unfortunate roommates.

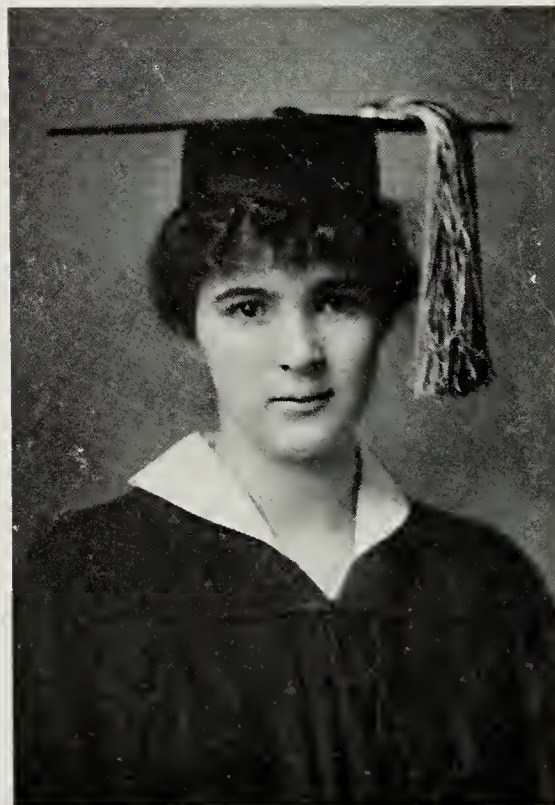
Hazel's cheery smile has brightened Blackstone's walls for four long years, and we feel sure that if her part in the great play of life be a hard one, she possesses those qualities which will also make it a happy one.

SUSIE ELIZABETH ELDER

BROOKNEAL, VA.

*"None but herself can be her parallel."*

Susie found her way to the Blackstone halls in 1915. She has become our sister—Elder, who distinguished herself on the basketball field Thanksgiving. She is very fond of music and will probably some day cross the S. E. E. (sea) to study both vocal and instrumental. It may be stated that during Sunday meditation she shows some talent in the use of the guitar.





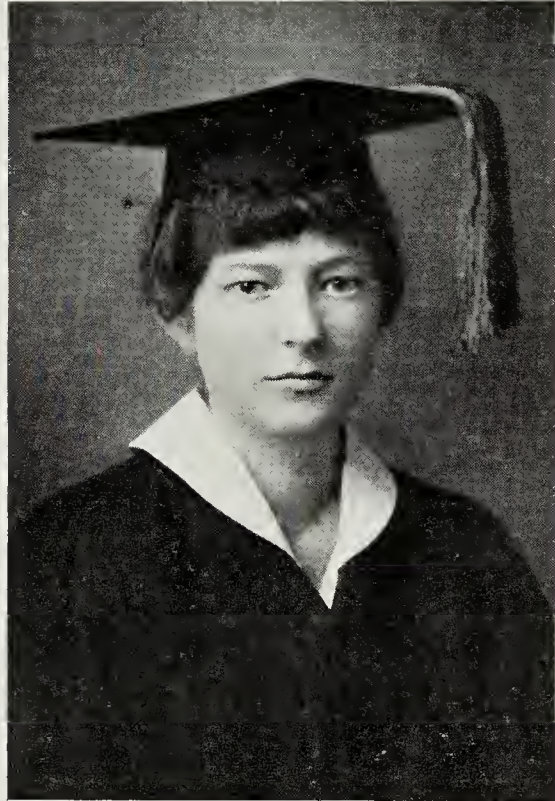
## The Cannon Ball

ANNIE TATUM FERGUSON

WIRTZ, VA.

*"Be gone, dull care! I prith'ee, be gone  
from me; be gone, dull care; thou and I  
shall never agree."*

"Anne T." is one of the few who possess that ready dry wit and appreciable sense of humor. She never has the blues, nor those around her, for if she can think of nothing else to do she sings a "Carroll." If we may be allowed to designate any particular study in which Anne T. is especially good, it is "Latin."



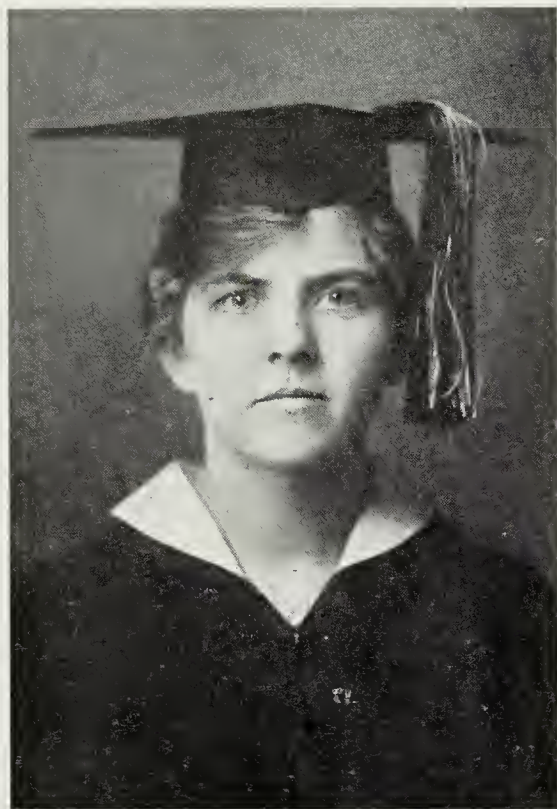
RUTH MAE GEE

WHITTLES MILL, VA.

*"To a pure mind alone has solitude its  
charms."*

Ruth is one of those quiet girls who are seldom seen, or heard. She is very calm and preserves that "keep cool" air. As we can find out no other way in which Ruth occupies her time, we have come to the conclusion that she studies—sometimes.

## The Cannon Ball



FRANCES EDWARD GRANT

PLAIN VIEW, VA.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free!  
Why ain't they all contented like me?"*

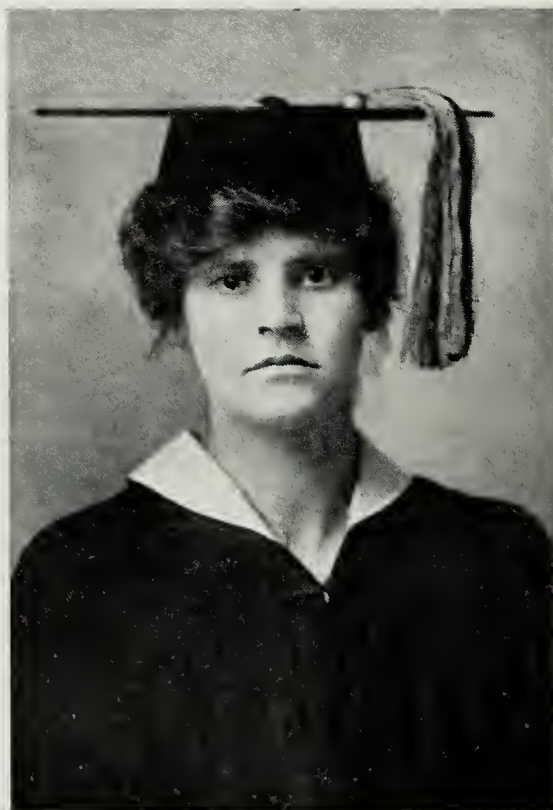
Four years ago "Frank" entered the portals of this Institution. During her sojourn among us it has been hard to get her to grant a request, though one might think otherwise; but once she broke the record! One day her vocal teacher asked her to s-s-s-s for twenty seconds; she, wishing to be unusually obliging, strove to do so twenty minutes. Upon her failure in this, she was heart-broken, thinking her career as a singer ended, and then and there resolved never to grant another request. Therefore we dub her, "Frank, the Grant who never grants."

HELEN PENN HAWTHORNE

MEREDITHVILLE, VA.

*"Good deeds in this world done  
Are paid beyond the sun."*

Helen, whose smiling countenance illumines the whole world about her, is known by her good deeds. She is our chatter-box, since she has a word for everyone. She may be found at every stopping place on the halls, chatting with someone. We shall always remember our classmate by her many little kindnesses.





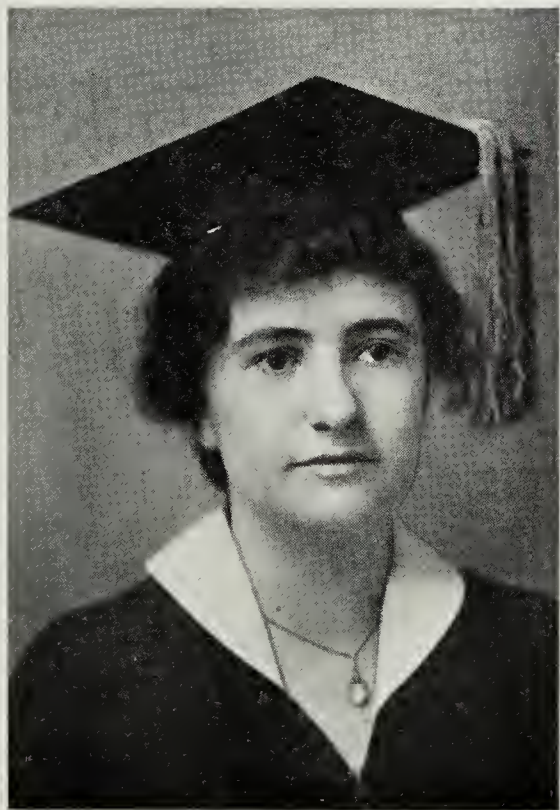
## The Cannon Ball

MARY ALICE HARDY  
AMELIA COURTHOUSE, VA.

*"Whether she preaches in Westminster Abbey, or teaches a ragged class, she will be faithful."*

Alice is always the same, calm, serene, composed under all circumstances. Though one might not think it, she is a ready participator in wholesome fun. Her courage is undaunted at all times, and she is ever faithful to her tasks.

Her motto is, "Let the world go its way, and I'll go mine."



BESSIE PEARLE HARPER  
SPRING HOPE, NORTH CAROLINA.

*"Music is the medicine of a breaking heart."*

Of all things beautiful and sweet, music to Bessie is the most beautiful. She is modest, pure and sweet—is always the same, and that means a good humor.

We predict for her a bright future, for where there is a happy home there must be harmony in all things, and where there is music there is harmony.

## The Cannon Ball



EDITH HITE  
BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"Love is enough; why should we ask for more?"*

Edith is a sweet old girl, and to those who know her best she is sweeter still. We cannot understand the serious look in her deep blue eyes. Can it be the reflection of that true love, which she treasures in her heart? Perhaps so, but regardless of love we all know that Edith will accomplish many noble things yet.

JOSEPHINE BLACKWELL HITE  
HOLLYDALE, VA.

*"To do the duty which the hour brings is her birthright."*

Josephine is very timid and quiet; nevertheless she studies very hard and reaps due reward. She mingles with very few girls, but she is a true friend to those with whom she does associate. The few to whom she lends her presence are indeed fortunate.





## The Cannon Ball

BERNICE DUKE HOGAN

COMORN, VA.

*"A passive face in which surprise is seldom seen."*

Bernice Duke, our aristocratic classmate, is a friend to all girls. She is always in for fun and succeeds in getting pleasure out of the most commonplace things. To look upon her, one might think differently, but one has to know her to judge her.



VIRGINIA LUCK HOLLAND

POINDEXTER, VA.

*"A strong character, well balanced, and with plenty of brains."*

In every organization, there must be a leader, and in Virginia we have found a real champion. The gods were kind to her, for her talents are countless. No task is too hard for her from keeping Study Hall to blistering her fingers as she drives away our blues with her guitar, and appeals to our sense of beauty with her art. She has one fault, if it can be called a fault, and it is a secret, too—she does not like men. We see her in the dim future leading a band of suffragettes to victory, for what she touches succeeds.

Rainstorms cannot wither her, nor excursions stale her infinite variety. Drink with us to the health of our President of 1916.



## The Cannon Ball



GRACE LEE HOVERSTOCK

CARSON, VA.

*Patience! why 'tis the soul of peace.*

Grace came to us from Carson, Virginia. We realize that there are few things which Grace does not make more pleasant, and we feel thankful that old '16 has not been left Grace-less. We have stood side by side in many trials, and we have always found Grace in Hoverstock.

So with sad hearts we bid farewell to  
Grace, the tall and slender,  
Grace, the meek and mild,  
Grace, the patient member,  
Grace, the whole long while.

CHRISTINE VERNON HUDGINS

LABAN, VA.

*"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good."*

Christine has a name most suitable to her character. She was at first the chairman of the devotional committee of the Y. W. C. A., and this year became its president. We are much indebted to her for her little acts of kindness and love, which are never ending. It is to her that all take their joys and sorrows, and there find consolation.





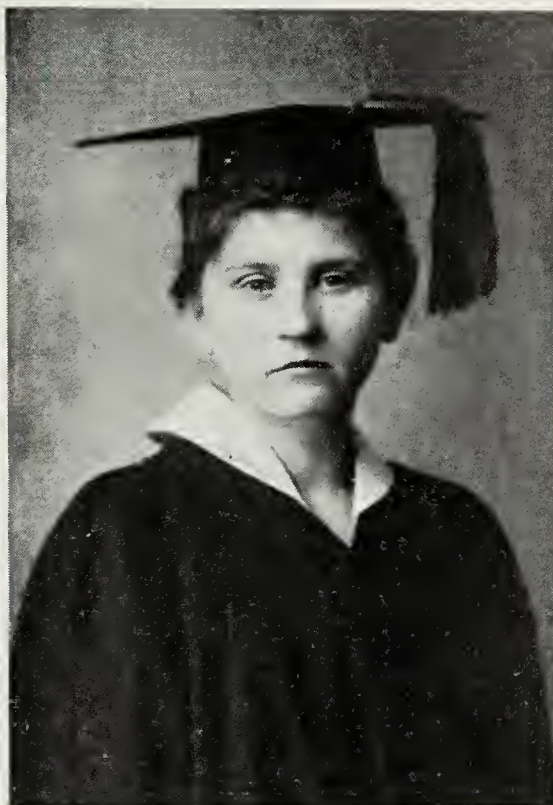
## The Cannon Ball

MOLLIE FLETCHER IRBY

BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"With eyes of gray,  
A face like May,  
She glides along  
Her happy way."*

"Happy-go-lucky" Mollie is always on the job. She never looks for trouble, and is a staunch believer in having a good time. She tells a joke well and keeps those present in a joyful mood. When Mollie can't possibly find anything else to occupy her time, she studies just for the novelty.



IVY JUSTIS

BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"Fidelity is the sister of justice."*

Ivy, another of our beloved day pupils, joins us every morning at eighty-thirty to add a ray of brightness to our classrooms during the day. By her kind and gentle manner she easily wins the love of all the little ones, and for her we anticipate a great future as a Primary Instructor.

## The Cannon Ball



BESSIE MUNDEN LANE

PRINCESS ANNE, VA.

*"I am not of a feather to desert my friend when she needs me most."*

Listen! That's she. I could tell Bessie Lane's laugh anywhere; she can carry a laugh with her from the time the alarm clock sings its song until long after the light bell has chimed at night. Long hours of study never daunt her happy spirit. Bessie has a wide circle of friends both in college and out, and it has become quite apparent that she will not live in the Lane much longer.

BERTHA ELDRIDGE LUPTON

BELHAVEN, N. C.

*"Example is more forcible than precept."*

When we first meet her, she awes us by her dignity. It does not take us long to find that she is wearing a mask, and underneath the outward appearance there lies a true spirit of comradeship and a goodly mixture of fun. She belongs to that class of people who improve on acquaintance. The more we see of Bertha the better we like her. We will forgive her her dignity and even her tendencies as a "Westoner," and accept her as a true "Tar-Heeler" for her good fellowship.





## The Cannon Ball

NELLIE VIOLA LYON  
DENTSVILLE, MD.

*"Wise from the top of her head up."*

Viola is next to a member of the Faculty. She walks about with all the importance of a teacher, and feels it her most important duty to call girls down in the library, but for all that Viola is a girl. She is always laughing and creating a great commotion in English class. She is our most noted "caser" and finds that it is almost heavenly bliss to stroll out on the campus with her arm around a teacher.

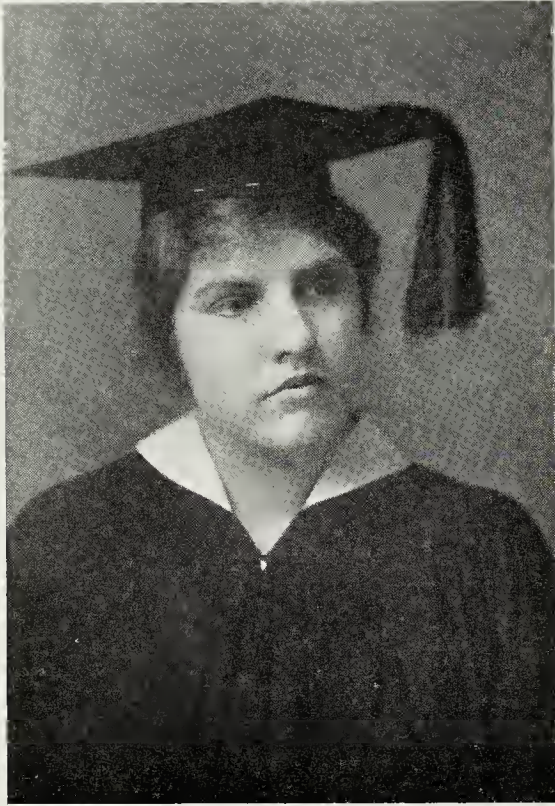


LOIS IRENE McCUMBER  
VICTORIA, VA.

*"True modesty is a deserving grace."*

Lois, though quiet and ever consoling, is known by the frequent repetition of the little word "Well." You will readily understand her noble character by referring to Timothy. Since she has been so faithful in performing a *few things* this year, we hope she will be ruler over many.

## The Cannon Ball



MARTHA ISABELLE MARSHALL  
SHUFF, VA.

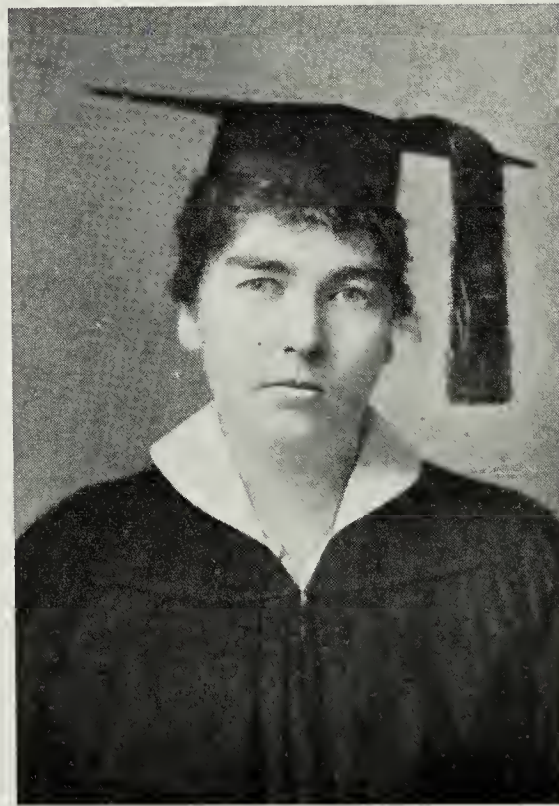
*"Smooth runs the water where the brook  
is deep."*

Surely this quotation applies well to Martha. She never has very much to say, but we know by her excellent grades that she thinks deeply. No doubt when she sits down to study she says to herself, "Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast, and demure." Surely she puts aside all trivial matters, and loses herself roaming among the great master minds.

GRACE JEFFERSON MASON  
BROOKNEAL, VA.

*"Few things are impossible to diligence  
and skill."*

Grace came to us from Brookneal, Virginia. To those who are slightly acquainted with her, she seems very quiet, but, to her closest friends the memory of her joyous nature and cheery presence is very sweet. She is withal very studious, and some day we expect to see her sitting in the seats of the mighty.



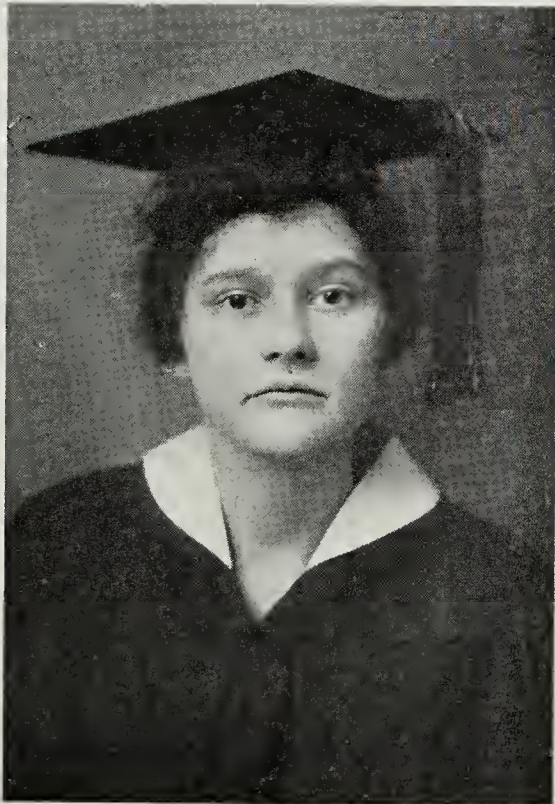
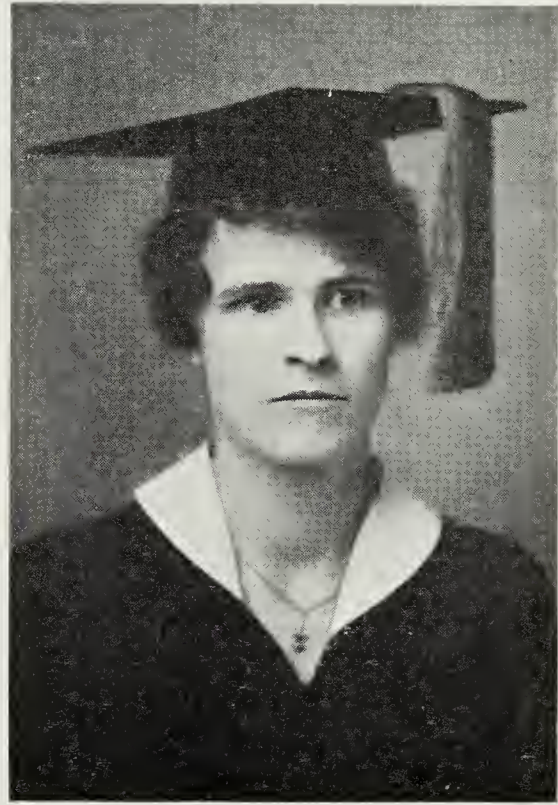


## The Cannon Ball

ELLON D. MORGAN  
BLACKSTONE, VA.

*"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."*

Ellon dwelt with us a while, but decided to move her residence in town with her parents. Since then she has brought us the news from town very graciously. She distinguished herself in psychology class, where Dr. Cannon delighted to call on her. She is ever hoping and striving and will surely conquer in the end.



LUCY WATKINS MORTON  
MEHERRIN, VA.

*"One in whose eyes the smile of kindness  
made its haunt,  
Like flowers by sunny brooks in May."*

Lucy was first discovered among the hills of Meherrin, Virginia. She came to Blackstone three years ago, and has made a place for herself in all of our hearts. Of late, when Lucy passes, her friends laughingly inquire of each other, "Have you heard about Lucy's favorite 'Dance'?" Soon she will leave us, but memories of her will linger long. As she goes along the pathway of life, may she cheer the hearts of her friends as she has done ours.

## The Cannon Ball



LOIS DUNCAN PHAUP

LAWRENCEVILLE, VA.

*"There is little of the melancholy element about her."*

Lois is one of our most amiable girls. For three long years has she resided within these old walls, winning friends on every side. Now at the end of this year, she will go forth into the world to impart knowledge to those who seek it. She expects to teach all her life since she is sure that she will be an old maid. However, since we have found out how closely related she is to "Frederick" the Great, we have no fear that she will always be an old maid school-teacher.

BLANCHE ALPIN ROBINSON

VICTORIA, VA.

*"Wisdom and wit are born with a girl."*

"To know her is to love her"; to touch her is to call forth a responsive giggle. Blanche's spirits are always keyed to the utmost. Ready for any fun, she dances merrily through her classes—but woe will come, and a lost frat pin sometimes produces tears. Still, we will all agree that Blanche has sufficiently recovered to bubble forth when the occasion demands.





## The Cannon Ball

EDNA GREY ROLLINS

LEESBURG, VA.

*"I'll be merry and free; I'll be sad for nobody."*

"Ned" is the sport of our class. She leads the line in setting styles, and having good times. Many a poor boy has fallen on his knees before her to gain for his reward only a happy-go-lucky laugh. To-day she is breaking the hearts of many, but deep within the secret "Chamber" of her heart has "lain" a true love for one. We are sometimes afraid that even this love will be outrivalled by "Chappie."



LILLIAN INDIE SAUNDERS

SKELTON, VA.

*"Speech is silver, silence is gold."*

Lillian is known to take life just as it comes. She is ever quiet, repressing sadness and allowing joy to sneak out by gentle smiles. We can well consider her one of our wealthiest classmates, since "Silence is golden," and we can readily understand why she brings so many bundles with her from the little store.

## The Cannon Ball



KATHRYN EVELYN SINK

BOONE MILL, VA.

*"Friend is a word of royal tone,  
Found in a poem all alone."*

Kate is a very happy-hearted girl who has a bright, winning smile and a pleasant word for every body. She has won the friendship of all who know her in school, and she is always loyal to them. We know that wherever in life she may be, she will be a great force for good.

PEARLE LODEMA SHEPPARD

WAUGH, VA.

*"Sense is her helmet, wit is her plume."*

"Please go 'way and let me sleep"—you might hear this from "Pearlie May" any old time, but don't get the idea she is a shirker. Pearl always toes the mark when there is any work to be done, you may judge by the little work she left for her Senior year. The "Harpies" and French pronouns sometimes get the best of Pearl's disposition, but on the whole, we will agree, she is a "jolly good fellow" and ready to lark with "Ann T" and "Cecile" any time when she is called upon.





## The Cannon Ball

OLIVIA MARIE SINK

BOONE MILL, VA.

*"There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought about her face."*

I'm sure this quotation suits our Olivia, for who of us is more pensive than she? Still, we all love her after knowing her. We often wonder why Olivia is so quiet and thinks so deeply and I think the answer could be that love within her heart for one she left in her home town.

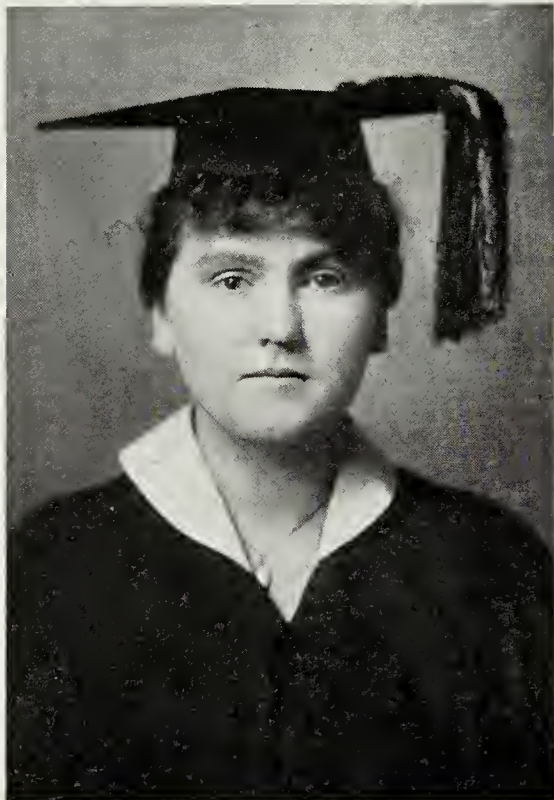


MARJORIE SYME

BRANWELL, W. VA.

*"Truth has a quiet breast."*

Marjorie has been with us only three years, and through them all she has remained a constant help to all her friends. Her noble character is shown by her deeds of kindness and acts of sympathy and love. Though her courses have been far from easy, she has made for herself an excellent record, and we hope to see her steadily succeeding as an excellent teacher in her mountains of which she is so fond.



WILHELMINA THOMAS

MILTON, N. C.

*"There is music here that softer falls than petals blown from roses on the grass."*

Wilhelmina is always happy, no matter what problems she has to solve. We often wonder at the ease and rapidity with which she does her work. She has a very lovable disposition, and is always ready to help one out of a difficulty. She is a true musician, and has brightened many dark school days for her classmates therewith.

TESSIE TOBIAS

CHARLESTON, S. C.

*"And hear about the mockery of woe,  
To midnight dance and to public show."*

With all sweetness, there is some bitterness, so Tessie found—for her candy was sweet, but we will let the result speak for itself. Impulse is her guiding principle, an impulse that is always getting into mischief, but along with the Monday school and other things we find Tessie still happy. She has the rarest of all gifts—the ability to rise above her disasters and show her classmates a smiling face.





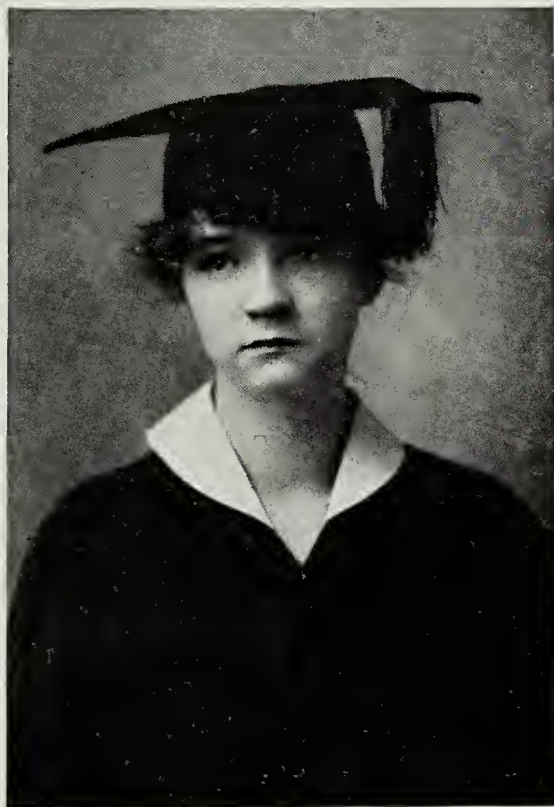
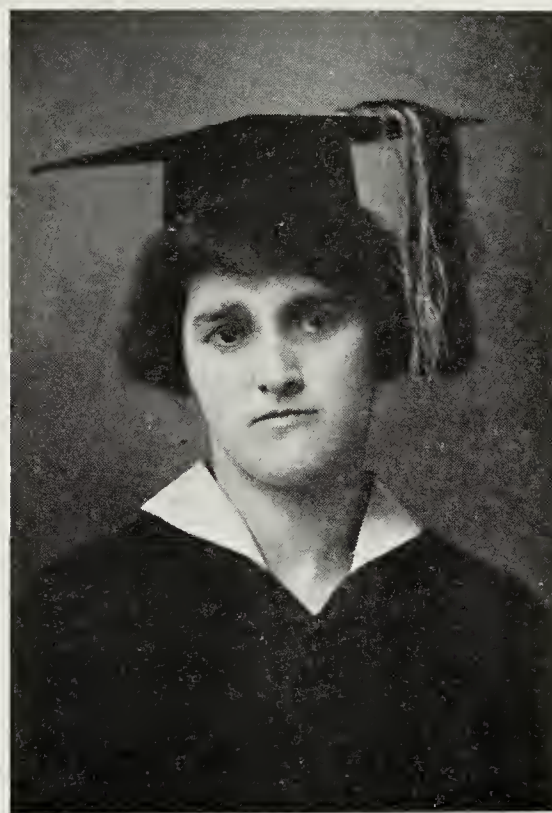
## The Cannon Ball

LILLIE MAE TRAYLOR

ALBERTA, VA.

*"Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore."*

Lillie is noted among us for her staunch fidelity, and true loyalty to the laws of our Institution. If at any time her loyalty fails, and the Faculty desire to find her, they may easily Trayl-(her) by following in the wake of silence, for Lillie has digested the maxim, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."



HATTIE LEE WILLIAMS

VICTORIA, VA.

*"Life is a battle."*

Hattie Lee is always ready to sympathize with any of us in our troubles. She bears the woes of the whole world, and yet she can see the bright side of life. She is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who need her, and to do whatever she can for any forlorn brother.

Hattie Lee is a great reader, and finds it an unalloyed pleasure to sit in the library and read about the South's great heroes, "Washington and Lee."

## History of the Senior Class

**T**HE most wonderful events occur in the smallest of places, so it was in September in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twelve, when many trains thundered into the quiet little station at Blackstone, bearing within their roomy coaches quite a number of merry, light-hearted girls, who desired to prepare themselves for life by entering for the first time dear old Blackstone Institute.

We, after entering its halls in joyous laughter, and meeting with good comradeship and smiling countenances the jokes and taunts of those who had long forgotten the experiences of the former year, have striven against numerous difficulties to maintain our first feelings. Yet oh! the hardest of our trials was to endure that obnoxious name of "Freshie" which was hurled at us incessantly from every side.

During our next year we gloried in having the honored name of "Sophs." We entered more freely into the games and sports of our schoolmates, and we vied with each other in seeing who could keep the "Monday School" teacher in employment for the greatest length of time. The realization that the Seniors and Juniors would soon pass our portals of learning and that we would take their places caused us to carry our heads higher and to look with seeming contempt on the insignificant Freshmen.

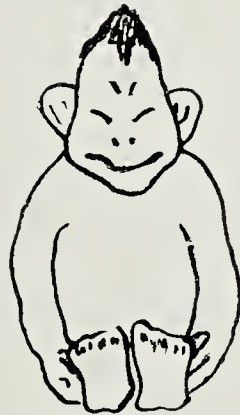
When we were "Sophs" we thought we held the most prominent place in school, but then we did not know what it was to be Juniors. Never shall we forget the saddest of days—Thanksgiving, nineteen hundred and fourteen, when we suffered the terrible defeat of the Annual Game of Basketball which was played between the Seniors and Juniors. We spent the middle of the term in hard study, which was not interrupted until April, when we gave our reception in honor of the Seniors. Then dawned that memorable day on which the class of nineteen hundred and fifteen surrendered to us their places, and went forward in search of new fields in which to conquer.

When our class came together again it did not meet at Blackstone Institute, but Blackstone College, which is just as dear to us. Soon our class was reorganized, and Virginia Holland was unanimously elected president. This was a year of persistent study, tests came thick and fast, and gallons of midnight oil would have been burned in "cramming" for these monthly terrors, but we feared the disfavor of our



## The Cannon Ball

Faculty. One brilliant spot in the history of our class was the victory over the Champions in the basketball game of November. The winter passed away with its days of snow, and days of sunshine, and in the spring we were entertained by the loyal Juniors. The time is fast approaching when we shall stand together for the last time as a class within the walls of our dear old Alma Mater, and receive with joy and mingled sadness our much coveted diplomas.



## Senior Class Prophecy



ONE lovely night in June I looked out of the window and saw the moonlight steeped in silentness on the still lake below. There was such a vague, misty, wonderful appearance in the scene, which seemed to harmonize with my spirit and desire for solitude that I decided to go down to the banks of the lake. This was only a few yards away, and I decided to untie the boat from under the overhanging branches and row across the lake.

For a while I applied the oars vigorously and listened to the rippling of the water; then, forgetting my surroundings, I allowed the boat to drift while I gazed into the silvery depths around me. There was reflected vividly before me a large mansion on Brunswick Avenue, which was the home of Louise Adams, who had chosen the sailor boy of her girlhood days, and, strange to say, she was Hurt—yet, she was not hurt in the choosing.

Next, I saw Lucy B., a missionary in distant lands, showering some of her gayety and sunshine upon those less fortunate than she.

While reflecting a moment upon the spirit of justice, which must have prompted this act, I was reminded of Ivy, whom I saw conducting a kindergarten department at the Blackstone College where she was loved by all.

Then I saw a college widow, Helen Bishop, still at her home in Blackstone.

Much to my surprise, I saw Edith Hite at Trinity College taking a course in higher science, and was reminded that she had acquired a special love for Chemistry and Geometry in youth.

There, clearly before me, arose our College, which looked so large and magnificent in the water. In the study hall I saw Annie Bell Crowder, seated behind the desk, while a profound and deep silence seemed to brood over all. Farther on, I saw the laboratory where everybody seemed to be fussing and fuming over a chemical reaction, and I wondered why one so fair as Ruth Cofer had chosen to teach a subject so unpleasant.

Whom should I next see but Mildred Atwood in Johns Hopkins Hospital, holding in her hand a yellow slip of paper which was a telegram in Mollie Irby's own handwriting, stating that she had finished her course in training to become a nurse, and was now with her first case.



## The Cannon Ball

I next saw a handsome structure on which was written in conspicuous letters, "The House of Fame." Sitting in the highest seat was Mabel Anderson, and seated all around her in stiff-back chairs were Grace Mason, Hattie Lee Williams, Lois McCumber, Bernice Hogan, and Bessie Lane. On some faces a look of disappointment was stamped, and Bernice was despondent because she had not succeeded in finding her intellectual man. Lois, too, seemed to regret that she had not married Joe, since he had always been so attentive and thoughtful about sending her flowers and candy. Bessie said that she was soon going out to live where 'simmons and 'possums grow. The others seemed to be suited to the place.

In a big department store I was not surprised to see two tall, sporty-looking young ladies, whom I recognized to be Blanche Bassett and Susie Elder. It was evident that they were purchasing their wedding frocks, since they had long ago expressed a desire to enter the blessed state of matrimony.

Then a very slender, graceful little lady came within my vision. She was gazing upward at something that looked like a big spider web, which soon vanished, and then another and still another came. It was Ned Rollins, and I found out that she was building air-castles, with first a man and then a "Chappy" in them. The ones with the man were dissolved sooner than the others, because a Chap can hold on to a slenderer thread than a man.

This glimmering lake was indeed an excellent mirror, for in it I saw many interesting things, one of which was an Old Maids' Worldwide Convention. In the crowd I recognized Grace Hoverstock, Ellon Morgan, Lucile Bonney, Alice Hardy, Christine Hudgins, Lillian Saunders and Viola Lyon. Here they seemed to be having a pleasant time and enjoying the Y. W. C. A. meetings and weekly prayer meetings conducted by Christine.

The next thing reflected was a home in England, where I saw Martha Marshall. Peace being at last restored in her native land, she had returned, taking with her the priceless gift of a Blackstone store of knowledge.

I almost laughed when I saw Frances Grant giving a vocal recital and trying with all her might to hold her breath twenty minutes. The reason she never seemed to give up was because of some sweet "cords."

The scene changed and I saw Alise Clay and Lucy Morton in far-off Japan trying to establish Christianity. I remembered that Alise had always been interested in Japanese people since one evening Dr. Yokoyama made an address at prayer meeting.

## The Cannon Ball

I was somewhat surprised when I saw that Bessie Harper had given up the lull and gaiety of the city, and had married a "Farmer."

I was very glad when I saw a schoolhouse in which Ruth Gee was principal, and Lillie Traylor and Helen Hawthorne were able assistants.

Then on a large stage I saw Wilhemina charming her audience by the sweet strains from her violin.

Another picture which I rejoiced in was a country home all equipped with modern conveniences. He had finished his course in agriculture and Ann T. had ceased to sing "Carrolls," and was now realizing her dream.

By the side of Pearle Sheppard was a man, and it was evident that Willie was no longer the boy of her heart—time had made him a man. In Baltimore I saw Bessie Corder keeping house in a dear little two-room flat.

Frances Capps was teaching a one-room country school, and the children were pouring over the life of "Thomas Jefferson."

Next, I saw a man slowly trudging homeward, singing, "I've been working on the railroad for fifty cents a day," and in the doorway stood a neat little housekeeper—Olivia Sink—ready to greet him. There, also, I saw Kate, who seemed to be the same happy-hearted girl, and was never blue; in fact, I remembered she had always been partial to "Red."

Mabel Bassett was in college, working hard to obtain her A. B. degree; for she wanted to be a smart old fish as well as a "Hooker."

Lucile Cheatham was living among the Peaks of Otter, but words would fail me if I tried to describe the "Peak."

Across on the battlefield among the dying soldiers I saw two small figures bending over them with sad expressions, and recognized Lois Phaup and Virginia Bonny.

Then, an entirely different scene presented itself and I saw, walking slowly down the aisles, a tall lady in shimmering white with her ideal man by her side, and I imagined that I heard music so sweet that it seemed to be an echo of some heavenly strain. When they turned toward the minister, I knew that the face belonged to Helen Dickens.

Next, I saw a corpulent lady with a big add, "Antifat." Who could it be but Bertha Lupton, who seemed to be trying to help the world since she realized that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure. After her a band of suffragettes marched by with Sallie Carroll as their leader.



## The Cannon Ball

The stately capitol came into view; the speaker was tall and dignified with nose to match, and I was glad to see that she, Virginia Holland, had succeeded in getting a bill passed for coeducation in the University of Virginia.

Yes, it was Tessie Tobias whom I recognized to be the manager of a Public Library, seated at her desk reading thoughtfully.

Hazel Dudley seemed to be all ready for a hunting trip with her "Winchester" near by.

Later, a little lady loomed up before me in stage costume demonstrating the latest methods in dramatic reading and other forms of expression, in which I saw as in a mirror the fine qualities of a "Miller." I knew this must be Blanche Robinson.

Then I was suddenly aroused by a terrific jar of the boat, which had come in contact with a spike near the shore, and I realized that it was on the verge of capsizing.

At this eventful moment a man—whom we will call X. Y. Z.—rushed up and rescued me from the waters at the risk of his own life.



# The Cannon Ball

## Senior Class Song

When the breeze so softly blowing brings its message to the breast  
Of the hours swiftly going, of vacation, and of rest—  
Mingled with such certain knowledge, come some thoughts a trifle sad,  
For we'll soon leave Blackstone College, and the school friends we  
    have had.

Many years of toil and pleasure we have spent within these walls,  
But our school days soon are over, and a grander duty calls.  
Standing now upon a summit—smiling even through our tears—  
We can see life stretch before us, down the vista of the years.

Oh, our dear old Alma Mater, may thy great and guiding hand  
Sustain us through life's long battles, and protect this little band.  
We the class of nineteen-sixteen know that we shall ever be  
In our lives each year succeeding loyal children unto thee.

—V. HOLLAND.

(Music original.)

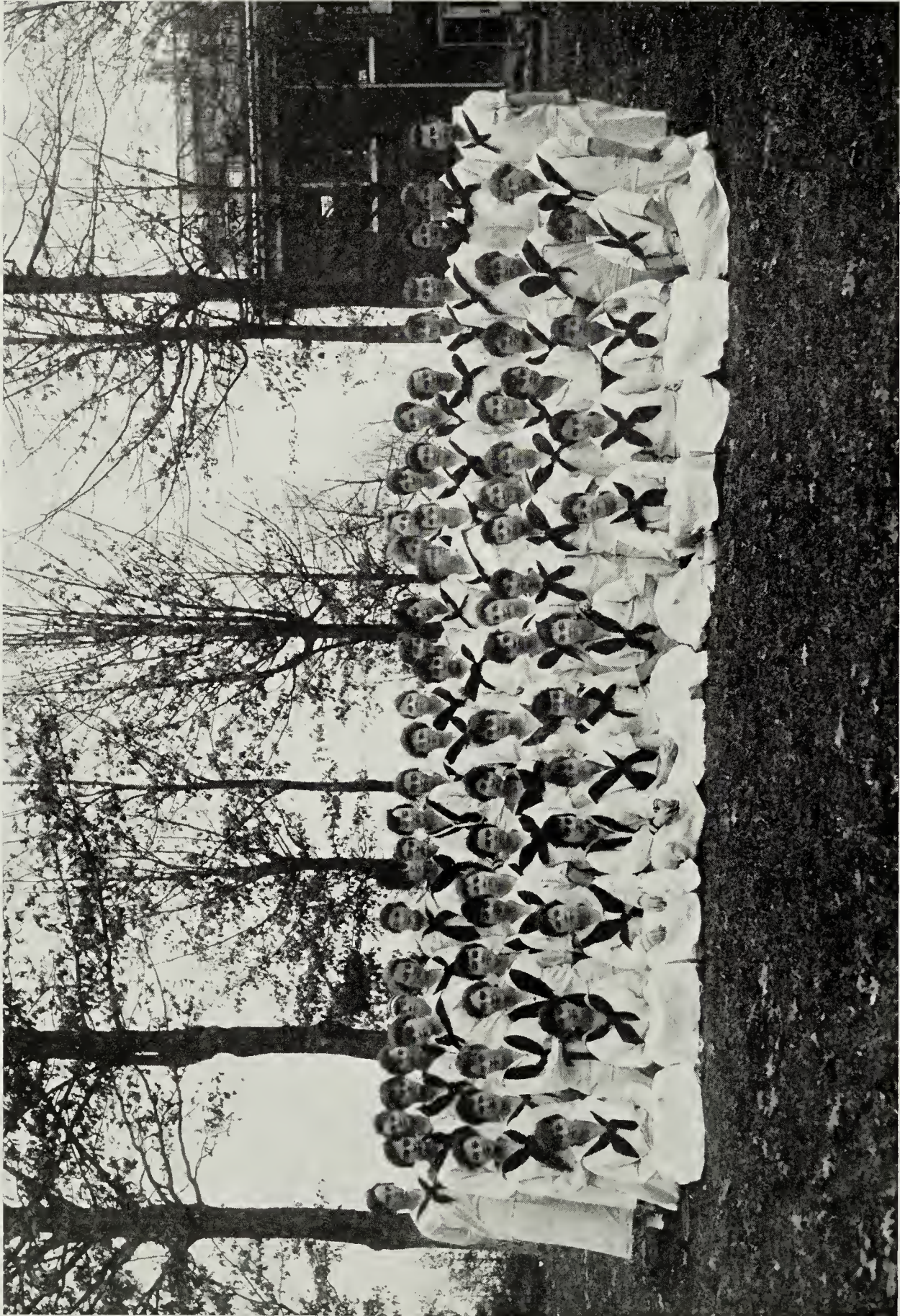


JUNIOR  
CLASS





The Cannon Ball





# The Cannon Ball

## Junior Class

MOTTO—"Green but growing."

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

FLOWER—Daisy.

### OFFICERS

ZELIA TOWSEY	.....	<i>President</i>
BLANCH SMITH	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN TEASS	.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ROSA ROBERTSON	.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ANNIE BASSETT	.....	<i>Business Manager</i>

### MEMBERS

LUCILLE ANDERSON	MARY FOSTER	MARION PASSMORE
ALMA ARMSTRONG	MARY LEE FULLER	ADA B. PERKINS
EVA ASHER	RUTH GILL	IVA PHIPPS
FRANCES BAKER	LOIS HAYES	NANNIE PRUDEN
LESSIE BARNETT	INDIANA HEATH	SELDEN RAGLAND
ANNIE BASSETT	ESTELLE HODGES	ROSA ROBERTSON
AVIS BASSETT	LILLIAN HOGAN	MARY ROBINSON
REVA BINFORD	ELIZABETH HOLLIS	MARIE SAUL
ELIZABETH BRITTON	LILLIE HOOKER	CARY SAUNDERS
ELIZABETH BROWN	ALMA HOPKINS	SALLIE SCALES
BERA CAMDEN	BEATRICE HUNTINGTON	VISTA SHORT
JESSIE CAMDEN	HELEN KEITH	BLANCHE SMITH
FRANCES CAMP	SANNIE KERNS	MARTHA SUTHERLAND
CARRIE CARNER	BOOKER LAND	EUNICE STEPHENSON
CLAUDE CLANTON	ELLEN LANER	BESSIE TAYLOR
CARRIE BELLE COCHRAN	ALICE LEE	ROSA TAYLOR
JESSIE LEE DARLINGTON	MAUD LEWIS	DOROTHY TERRILL
ETHEL DAVIS	MAY MANSON	HELEN TEASS
MYRA DE BERRY	MARY MURRILL	DELLA THORNTON
CECILE DEVIN	MELBA NANCE	ZELIA TOWSEY
ETHEL DIXON	ETHEL NASH	FRONIE WELLS
THELMA DOYLE	PEARLE NEWTON	CORNELIA WRIGHT
MARTHA FITZGERALD	MARTHA PAGE	LUCILLE WILLIAMS
	MYRTLE WILKINSON	





The Cannon Ball

SOPHOMORE  
CLASS





The Cannon Ball





# The Cannon Ball

## Sophomore Class

COLORS—*Green and Gold.*

MOTTO—*"Afloat but not Anchored."*

FLOWER—*Water Lily.*

### OFFICERS

ALDAH MYRICK .....	<i>President</i>
VIRGINIA BLAND .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDITH WALKER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHAN .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

MARY ALMOND	JANETTE GOODRICH	MILDRED POTTER
ANNIE LOU ALSTON	ISABELLE GOSLIN	JUANITA ROGERS
SALLIE KATE ASTIN	ELIZABETH HADDON	ANNIE SALE
ALLIE ATKINSON	NANCY HARRISON	BESSIE SALMON
DOROTHY BALL	ELIZABETH HEADLEY	FRANCES SAUNDERS
NANCY BARKSDALE	THELMA HENDERSON	MAE SAWYER
MABEL BEAN	ELEANOR HEPLER *	CLARINE SCULL
VIRGINIA BLAND	QUINCY HUFF	RUTH SHIFFLETT
FOUNTIE BROWN	RESSIE HUFF	MYRTLE SINER
JESSIE BROWN	ANNIE JOHNSON	GRACE SINGLETON
MARY BURNETT	KATIE JOHNSON	DORSEY SMITH
AGNES BURGESS	MARTIE KIRWAN	GLADYS SMITH
JANIE DELLE CALLIS	GEORGIE KYLE	MARY SPEED STUART
RUSSELL COLEMAN	MYRTLE LEWIS	HELEN TAYLOR
JUANITA COLEMAN	MARY MAHOOD	LORA TAYLOR
CHARLOTTE COMER	VIRGINIA MEADE	MYRTLE THOMPSON
RUTH CON	LUCY MILLER	PINA TOLLEY
MAE CROWDER	ADDIE LEA MOORE	MINNIE TOMLINSON
EMMA CROCKETT	RONIE MORRIS	NETTIE TRADER
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHAN	ALDAH MYRICK	LUCILE VAUGHN
MARY EDENTON	EULA NASH	EDITH WALKER
ESSIE ETHERIDGE	PATTIE NIXON	MARY WATERS
AMY FEREBEE	LOUISE OTWELL	ADNAH WASHER
DOROTHY FRANKLIN	LEILA PALMER	BEATRICE WOHLFORD
DOROTHY FREYSTADT	JESSIE PERRY	AMELIA WOOTEN
MARTHA GARBEE	PATTIE PERKY	MABEL WRIGHT
KATHLEEN GILLS	MARIAN PITTS	SUSIE WYNNE
	TERESA ZOLLINGER	





FRESHMAN  
CLASS



# The Cannon Ball

## Freshman Class

### REGISTER

MARY ADKINS  
GLADYS BALLANCE  
LUCILLE BAXTER  
AGNES BEVAN  
MARY BLANKENSHIP  
ERIE BLOUNT  
ROBBIE BLOUNT  
BEULAH BONNER  
LA VERNA BRYAN  
IRENE BURRUSS  
MARY ELLEN CAMP  
MARY LOUISE CHRISTIAN  
ALICE CLAY  
EARLINE COCHRAN  
JUANITA COLEMAN  
MINNIE COLE  
CARLOTTA CORNELIUS  
ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM  
ACKLINE DAVIS  
FLORENCE DAWSON  
MIRIAM DE BERRY  
ETHEL DOUGHTY  
MARY EDENTON  
JEANETTE ELAM  
SUSIE EPES  
CELESTE FEDDEMAN  
AMY FEREBEE  
LUCILLE FLEISCHER  
EULA FERGUSON  
MARY FIFE  
KATIE FLORA  
NINA FULFORD  
THELMA HAMNER  
KATE HARRISON

NOAMI HEDGEPEETH  
PEARLE HESTER  
ESTELLE HODGES  
MAUDE HOPLER  
ANNIE HOPKINS  
RUTH JARRATT  
ANNIE JOHNSON  
AGNES JONES  
ELIZABETH LAYDEN  
IRENE LINDSEY  
PAULINE LOGWOOD  
DORIS MCLEOD  
LOUISE MASON  
EVY MIDYETTE  
VIRGINIA MEADE  
AGNES MILLER  
MAUDE MILLER  
DORIS MOORE  
MARGARET MUNFORD  
EULA MURDEN  
FRANCES MURRILL  
BELLE NIXON  
SARAH O'NEAL  
LUCILLE OVERSTRETFET  
SALLIE LEE OVERTON  
MURIEL PAGET  
ELLEN PASSMORE  
MAYBELLE PAYNE  
MAUDE PEAL  
SALLIE POLLOCK  
MARY E. POWELL  
MIRIAM PITTS  
HATTIE POOLE

MATTIE PRITCHARD  
GERTRUDE REDFORD  
ELENA REASONER  
MARIE RIGGAN  
KATIE ROPER  
MARION RUSSELL  
ANNIE SALE  
BESSIE SALMONS  
ALICE SAUNDERS  
DORIS SAUNDERS \*  
RUBY SAUNDERS  
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS  
CLARINE SCULL  
RUTH SHELL  
SARA SHELTON  
RUTH SHIFLETTE  
VERA SHORT  
PANSY SMITH  
MARIE STAATS  
NELLIE STAATS  
RUBY STAATS  
BELLE STANLEY  
MARY STEWART  
BLANCHE STOWE  
MARY TAYLOR  
LOUISE TEMPLE  
WINIFRED THORNTON  
LA VENDA TURNER  
IRENE WELLS  
LAURA WITHAM  
ANNIE KIRK WITT  
EVA WHITE  
MABEL WRIGHT



# The Cannon Ball

## Training School

### REGISTER

GRIFFIN ADAMS  
MARTHA LEE ADAMS  
MARIE ADAMS  
FRANCES BARROW  
EVELYN BOWLES  
JULIA COLEMAN  
MARGARET COLEMAN  
DAVID CANNON  
EDWARD CANNON  
HELEN CLARKE

MARGARET COBB  
VIRGINIA COBB  
FRANCES CROWDER  
FRANCES CROWE  
ALICE DUNTON  
ROSE ELAM  
CHRISTINE ELLIOTT  
KATHREN ELLIOTT  
MARY HARRISON GRAY  
CORR KEITH

MARGUERITE LATHAM  
THELMA LOWERY  
RUTH MONCURE  
VIRGINIA MOORE  
VIRGINIA RIGGLEMAN  
GOLDIE LILLISTON  
EMMA SMITH  
HEATH TWEEDY  
GERTRUDE WAINRIGHT  
MYRTLE WYNN



The Cannon Ball



SCHOOL GROUP



## Changed Tactics



UST as you say, your Royal Highness. Command! I obey."

"Now, Willis, I don't think you are one bit fair. You know I don't want to do any commanding."

"I know you don't; I only wish you would. I'd know lots better than what you really want, Bobs. I want you to be happy, so the time will pass more pleasantly. Just sitting around the porches and lawns is not having a good time, neither is it improving. It will not make you well and strong—you know that as well as I do."

"Well, Dr. Willis Earl Walton, M. D., persistent creature that you are, hereafter I resolve to get a wiggle on and lead you such a chase over the hills and valleys, 'round our delightful place of recuperation, that you'll wish you'd never insisted that the laggard wake up. My hand on it!"

"Thank you, Miss Roberta Eldridge Hughes, worn out butterfly of fashion, sent to Jeter's by her sensible physician to recuperate, good little pal that you're going to be, come along! And if you can break me down I'm willing to tell you so and call a halt. How about a horseback ride this morning?"

"Grand! I was just about to suggest that my own self. Let's go!"

"Done! I'll meet you in half an hour on the north terrace; be sure you are there. It is now nine-forty-five. So long."

They sped away, in opposite directions—she towards the little vine-shaded cottage she called "home" in this place of rest, and he towards the well stocked stables to make his own selection of their mounts.

The day was ideal and a typical spring day, everything fresh and green! The big lawns were full of patients just such as those two—people worn out or needing a rest from their strenuous routine of affairs. It was quite fascinating to watch them, reclining here and there in rustic seats stretched out on the tender grass, or strolling about beneath the protecting boughs of the old shade trees. And every once in a while a physician or his assistants would be seen coming out and making his rounds. The whole scene was quite enough to rest one; the many little cottages scattered here and there over the wide and spacious, well kept lawns, with its old trees overshadowing retired arbors and comfortable seats.

## The Cannon Ball

At the appointed time both Dr. Walton and Miss Hughes were on the north terrace, where they found quite a number of young folks gathered, all going for a canter, too. So they decided together that the old adage, "the more the merrier," might work quite well in their case, and set out in high spirits. They first ordered lunch to be sent to them on the nearby mountain, better known as "the Top."

They rode on all laughing and happy, when around a corner they came suddenly upon a stalled car. Dr. Walton and Bobs were leading the party, so they were the first to stop. Dr. Walton rode around the car "to see what he could see," and what he saw was something that evidently did not please him since he frowned the least little bit. Bobs followed him and gave a little gasp at what she saw, for there on the edge of the road in the shade, calmly eating chocolates, sat Gay Weston, her chum, and Paul Welsh, her recently rejected suitor.

"Why, Gay, Paul, what are you two doing here, and in this plight?"

"By the irony of Fate, it seems Miss Roberta—good morning, Dr. Walton," replied Mr. Welsh, coming forward.

"Why, Bobs, dear, I thought you were too weak for anything of this sort! And Mr. Welsh was kind enough to say he would bring us out to see you. Aunt Net and Marie are in the car making the most of the delay. I'm so glad to see that you are so well. Do you feel all right? Then come on and go back to Stewart with us for the German tonight. It's to be a swell affair, I hear."

"Thank you, Gay, but I don't feel equal to that sort of thing yet, and don't even care if I never go to another. But I'm so glad to see you. How long before your chauffeur will be back, and how soon can you run up to the hotel?"

"Paul, how long before we can go? Bobs wants to know. Now, Bobs, you just are not going to go back for us now; go on and catch up with the party, and we'll wait for you at the resort."

"Briggs can't get us away for some time, I fear, as we have a broken spring; so pray do not wait here for us, but continue your canter and we'll see you later on, unless you are to be gone too long, for I've promised to get Ga—Miss Weston back in Stewart by four-thirty this evening, and will have to hurry if we make it.

"I'm sorry you are going to drag her off so soon. Suppose, then, we just stay and see them here until the car is fixed, and meet the bunch on the Top later on. How does that appeal to you, Willis?"

"Agreed! I'll take your horse in a moment."

Soon they were seated in the shade chattering away, when Briggs came up with a man from the garage, and began repairs on the car. This gave Paul the opportunity of drawing Bobs aside from the others



## The Cannon Ball

to have a little talk with her alone, and Dr. Walton cast uneasy glances in their direction all the while.

"Bobs, you are not sending me away forever, are you? I can't believe it, little girl. Do you think what it means to me, at least?"

"Yes, Paul, I have tho't and tho't—and each time it seems plainer than ever that I must leave the old life. It no longer has any charms for me; in fact, I abhor it. And, Paul, while I by no means abhor you, you go along with it—that sort of life you know. I know now that I never loved you. I only deceived myself and you. I'm as sorry as I can be, but I just could not. So, Paul, this is good-bye to those old fond dreams of ours. But I hope we shall be good friends notwithstanding this. Your ring I have already mailed to you along with a letter of explanation. I reckon we might as well join the rest, as Briggs seems to be master of the car just now."

"Bobs, you don't know how close this gets to me, but you know best, you always do. If you say all's off, I know I need plead no more. But promise me this much: If you ever find you are mistaken in your decision, you'll let me know at once, will you?"

"Yes, Paul, I promise."

Not long after, the adieux having been made, the friends parted.

Bobs and Willis joined the party just as they reached the Top, so they had a jolly lunch, picnic fashion, together. When the wine was opened and everyone was drinking, Gwendolyn Reeves suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Bobs, you aren't ill, are you? You look so pale! And you haven't touched your wine. Aren't you going to drink it?"

"No, Gwen, thanks, I'm not ill, just a little fatigued. And I'm not drinking any wine either. Jack, give me a drink of water, please?"

All eyes were turned to Roberta Hughes, a popular society leader, who had heretofore followed all the rules of conventionality adopted by her "set," and who had now repudiated one of the hard and fast ones, and refused wine. When the cigarettes came she again gave everybody a shock by calmly declaring that she had smoked her last, and she was sorry she had ever touched a single one. The attention of the whole party was so attracted by her extraordinary conduct that apparently nobody noticed Dr. Watson's refusal of both the wine and cigarettes. But Bobs did, for she had been watching him intently out of the tail of her eye during the whole lunch.

When the shadows began to lengthen the party broke up, and they started homeward. All were rather tired, but felt fully repaid for their trip. Everyone noticed Roberta's quietness, and several remarked upon it. Each time she would reply that she was feeling a

## The Cannon Ball

little tired, nothing more. To Dr. Walton she seemed to be thinking. And she was doing some of the hardest thinking she had ever done in her whole useless life; some thinking that would be of value to her for the rest of her life—if she had moral courage enough to live up to her thoughts. Just because she had been a butterfly and had lived a pretty gay life we must give her credit for possessing a strong character and a noble mind. On the ride home she was quiet, and Dr. Walton, the good character reader that he was, left her to her thoughts for the greater part of the way. Finally he interrupted them:

“Bobs, don’t you think I’ve been punished enough now?”

“You silly thing, what on earth are you talking about?” she replied, coming back to real people with a start.

“Well, you haven’t said a single word to me since we started home.”

“I beg your pardon, and I’m sorry, indeed, I am, but the truth is, I’ve been doing some of the stiffest thinking I ever did in my life.”

“Yes, I knew you were, but, you know, too much thinking all at once isn’t good for one. It, like some other medicines, should be taken in broken doses on the start. Too much all at once is worse than none at all.”

“I know my life and thoughts have been perfectly worthless heretofore; you’ve been the one to show me that in hundreds of ways, but you needn’t rub in it now, please. I know I’ve been a mere person here in the world, taking up the room that could have been occupied by a person who would do things that were worth while; and I’ve been throwing away enough money in one week to support a poor broken-down person here for the same length of time. Besides all this, I’ve committed all the sins that go along with the life of the so-called high-fliers” of society. Oh, yes, I’ve flown as high as any yet, I reckon. But I have resolved that hereafter I’ll stop all such useless doings and begin to *live*, in every sense of the word, but in the right sense.”

“Bravo, little pal! It does me good to hear you talk that way. Do you ever think of the time when we lived next door to each other, when we were playmates together, and you shared my troubles and joys, and I shared yours?”

“Yes, Willis, I remember it quite distinctly; those were glorious days!”

“The school days were equally as happy, the same joyously free days—all happy and gay—until your father discovered that he had made too much money to live in such humble surroundings, and moved to a more select section of the city, better suited to his position and wealth. And you were sent away to a young ladies’ finishing school.



## The Cannon Ball

It nearly broke my heart, but when I discovered what a popular young lady you had become I was glad for you. I never lost sight of my little pal, but followed her career assiduously, striving all the time for my degree. You'll never know the joy with which I welcomed Dr. Southall's proposal that I become his assistant. About that time I had begun to feel like a young bird does when he, after attempting too great a flight, feels his wings beginning to grow weak, and he is forced to fall back to the earth from whence he had flown. When I entered Dr. Southall's office I felt that at last I was beginning to achieve that for which I had lived and labored so long. At the time I did not know he was your family physician, but when he sent me out here a month ago to recover, after my hard senior year at college, and two weeks later wrote me that he was sending one of his patients, and an especial favorite, out here to rest up under my care, I felt quite puffed up with the pride of so great a trust. But when he mentioned her name I felt myself growing weak. I knew then that God or the kind Fates were overlooking my life, and I thanked God for so sacred a trust. So you see now why I've been worrying you nearly to death trying to get you to take some exercise and get well. I'm sorry I had to be so persistently after you, but you did not seem inclined to do any but your own way."

"Please let me thank you for looking after me so well. I feel like a new person already, and shall write "Dockie" I'm all well; that is, physically, but mentally and spiritually I'm on the decline, I fear. But if I don't begin to recover that way it won't be my fault. I know I've been at fault largely for the way I've lived in the past few years, but unless society is reformed it will be the ruin of many another girl, too, I fear, who is not so fortunate as I to have such kind friends to care for her. By the way, do you remember old Mrs. Allison who used to live on our street?"

"To be sure I do. She is one of my own patients, of whom Dr. Southall doesn't know. I see her at least once a day when I'm at home; just now she's under the care of one of my classmates. She lives in the same little cottage on *our* street."

"Willis, please see that she is moved here, or to some nice place, wherever you see fit to place her. It is to be my gift to her for chasing her chickens and cats all around in the dear old days. And you'll attend to this right away, will you not?"

"Of course I will, and before I do I want to tell you what a noble girl you are, and what a grand work you are doing. I've done just all I can for her, and that's not much, but I'm not financially able to give her all she needs. I still look after mother and Allan, who,

## The Cannon Ball

by the way, gets his degree this spring, and hopes to be admitted to the bar this fall. Can you realize that the little shaver is twenty-one? I'll write Tom to have Mrs. Allison moved to Bronson, a place which will be more congenial for her than here, at once. And, Bobs, let me say—I thank you."

"Willis Walton, you have nothing to thank me for. I am the one who ought to be on my knees thanking you for opening my eyes. Oh, don't be surprised, I know I am blind and silly in lots of ways, but thanks be, I do recognize some things, as well as people of worth when I see them. Since I've been here I've watched you in all your movements far closer than you knew of, and it is you who have wrought such a revolution in my life, for which I am grateful. And—I thank you!"

"How you overwhelm me. To hear you, who have been my load-star, say such things just floors me. But if I have in any way influenced you for the better I am thankful, both to God and to you, for both have been my guides, along with my mother, all thru my life."

Not many nights after their talk there was a grand reception given by the proprietors to their guests. Roberta was with one of her friends from home for quite a while, but Willis, in strolling about the place, came suddenly upon her crumpled upon a sofa on the piazza looking on the bright scene in the ballroom. He watched her in silence, then took the seat by her side. She turned towards him with a start——

"How you startled me, Willis, I was day-dreaming."

"Sorry, Bobs, but why aren't you dancing? Don't you care for it? Come on and give me this waltz, please."

"I haven't felt so inclined before, but I believe I should like it."

But pretty soon she tired of it and wanted to leave the room.

"I'll get you an ice and while you eat it I'll get you a wrap. Then let's go out on the lawn."

"All right. I'll wait here," she said, choosing a seat concealed by palms.

Before long they were wandering down towards one of the comfortable arbors.

"Bobs, pardon me for being so personal, but is Paul Welsh a very special friend of yours?"

"Not now, Willis. He used to be, but I sent his ring back last week, and to-day gave him the final word. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, but he looked so earnest this morning when you all strolled off and when you came back he seemed troubled; that's all. Morbid fancy at work as usual."

"Didn't you find Gay interesting?"

"Quite so, but better suited to Welsh, as a conversationalist at least, than to myself."



## The Cannon Ball

"How aptly put. So she is. Gay, by the way, was my chum in the old days of high life. I speak of them as if they were long since past—and so it really seems. Willis, I feel that I can never go back to that life again. But what else is there for me to do? Mother and father and brother are still there, and I cannot live without them."

"You are in hard lines, little girl, and I'd help you if I could; but it is a thing you'll have to decide for yourself. I know what I'd like only too well to suggest, but I dare not. Away, vain tho't, you are preposterous."

"You have always helped me, Willis, so why not now?"

"Don't Bobs, little friend, don't tempt me."

"A temptation, Willis! To help me out of trouble, is that to be looked on as a temptation? It is not selfish of me to ask it of you, is it?"

"No, not of you, but so terribly selfish of me to make such a suggestion as I was about to make."

You selfish! Well, that's fit for "Puck," I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life." Her laugh rang out merrily; nevertheless, it was also tremulous.

"Bobs, I can't; I ought not!—but—could you—would you? I love you, Bobs, darling, surely you know that. Could you be content with the quiet life I lead, after yours?"

"Willis, you old grouch. I've tried to make you say those very words ever since I've been here, nearly. Why haven't you asked me before?"

"Just because I hadn't the nerve, Bobs. You know as well as I that I'm as poor as a church-mouse—and you—you are the petted child of fortune."

"Listen, now, won't you believe me? I've told you over and over that I simply can't go back to that life again; there is nothing worse; there is nothing in it; while yours is so full of the things that count."

"Little Sweetheart, you'll never know just how happy you have made me, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to live the old life a while longer, while I go a little farther on the road to success and comforts for your sake."

"I love you all the more for those words, Willis, but I'll do nothing of the sort. I'll wait until Allan is admitted to the bar, and you've set him on his feet—that long and no longer. For when you begin the road to success, I mean to begin with you, and to help you in every way I can, but all the while you'll be doing many times more for me."

"God bless you, my—Bobs—you mean more to me every moment."

Let's leave them alone in their happy little arbor to dream dreams and build air-castles, which we can but hope will eventually materialize—for surely they will be worth taking form.

MARTHA BLACKWELL HITE.



# The Cannon Ball





# The Cannon Ball

## U. W. C. A.

CHRISTINE HUDGINS  
*President*

LUCILLE BONNEY  
*Secretary*

VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
*Vice-President*

HAZEL DUDLEY  
*Treasurer*

### CHAIRMEN

*Devotional Committee*—ALISE CLAY  
*Music Committee*—ELIZABETH HOLLIS  
*Social Committee*—ANNA BELLE CROWDER  
*Membership Committee*—MABEL BASSETT  
*Auxiliary Committee*—GLADYS MCGRATH  
*Decorative Committee*—LUCY MORTON  
*Missionary Committee*—SALLIE CARROLL  
*Information Committee*—ANNIE T. FERGUSON  
*Poster Committee*—VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
*Finance Committee*—HAZEL DUDLEY  
*Conference Committee*—FRANCES GRANT

### MOTTO

*Not by might, nor by power, but by  
my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*

### PURPOSE

The purpose of this Association shall be to unite the girls of the Institution in loyalty to Jesus Christ; to lead them to accept Him as their personal Saviour; to build them up in the knowledge of Christ, especially through Bible Study and Christian service, that their character and conduct may be consonant with their belief. It shall thus associate them with the students of the world for the advancement of the kingdom of God. It shall further seek to enlist their devotion to the Christian Church and to the religious work of the Institution.

The Cannon Ball



ART CLASS



The Cannon Ball



# The Cannon Ball

## Annual Spring Concert

OF

## Blackstone College

### Programme:

CHORUS—"The Song of Kisses" ..... *Bernberg*

PIANO QUARTETTE—"Galop di Bravura" ..... *Schulhoff*

Nannie Pruden                      Gertrude Redford  
Maud Lewis                          Beatrice Huntington

CANTATA—"The Golden Valley" ..... *Warner*

Miss Doris Saunders.....*Soprano*  
Miss Beatrice Wohlford.....*Mezzo-Soprano*  
Miss Zelia Towsey.....*Contralto*  
Chorus .....*The Vocal Class*

PIANO SEXTETTA—Pizzicati from "Sylvia"..... *Delibes*

Mary Lee McNair                      Frances Crow  
Martha Lee Adams                      Myrtle Siner  
Katharine Elliott                      Celeste Feddeman

PIANO SOLO—Impromptu ..... *Reinbold*

Miss Susie Wynn

A FEMININE EPISODE IN ONE ACT—"Three Dear Friends".....*Roof*

### CHARACTERS

Mildred ..... Blanche Robinson  
Peggy ..... May Manson  
Eva ..... Winifred Thornton

PIANO QUARTETTE—"Carmen" ..... *Bizet*

Martie Kirwan                          Marie Riggan  
Lucile Baxter                          Alice Lee

CHORUS (a) "Come, Sweet Morning"..... *Mathews*

(b) "Ride of the Elves" ..... *Mendelssohn*

PIANO DUO—"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11".....*Liszt*

Misses Indiana Heath and Allie Mae Dickerson

CHORUS—"Soldier's Chorus from 'Faust'"..... *Gounod*

PANTOMINE—"Star Spangled Banner"..... *Key*

Physical Culture Class



## The Cannon Ball



### Special Voice Pupils

BEATRICE WOHLFORD  
MARY BLANKENSHIP  
LOUISE ADAMS  
NELLIE STAATS  
INDIANA HEATH  
ELENA REASONER  
FRANCES GRANT  
LILLIAN HOGAN  
VISTA SHORT  
CELESTE FEDDEMAN  
DORIS SAUNDERS  
ZELIA TOWSEY

WILHELMINA THOMAS  
MABEL BEAN  
THELMA DOYLE  
SALLIE M. PETTY  
ESTELLE HODGES  
AILEEN BRAY  
ALICE SANDERS  
IVA PHIPPS  
MARY ADKINS  
MARIE STAATS  
RUBY STAATS

SALLIE CARROLL  
VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
MAUD LEWIS  
BLANCHE ROBINSON  
MARY WATERS  
ALLIE M. DICKERSON  
HELEN BISHOP  
EDITH HITE  
BESSIE HARPER  
MABEL WRIGHT  
MARY ALLMOND  
CLARINE SCULL

## The Cannon Ball



NO SMALL factor in our school is the Music Department. Many of the students have musical talent, and quite a few of them develop their talent for this art in the various departments of Piano, Violin, Voice, Theory, Harmony, and History of Music.

They display their accomplishments quite frequently. Once each month a recital is given for the music pupils in school, and then it's who and who can play the best, sing the sweetest, and otherwise surprise the audience with their unusual talent.

Chorus is another feature especially peculiar to this College. Here the whole school receives training in Voice. Practice begins with the opening of classes in September, and continues until Commencement. It is hard work, but the results are worth it. This department is considered so important that we have our own Chorus book, composed of specially selected classics.

These choruses are practiced faithfully under the supervision of the Chorus Director. Then twice a year, concerts are given—one in March and the other on Grand Concert night, during Commencement. These concerts are composed of selections by the whole chorus, interspersed with vocal and piano numbers. On one or the other of these occasions, the special voice pupils give a cantata.



The Cannon Ball



PHYSICAL CULTURE DEPARTMENT MARY KEEN MILLER, Instructor  
"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, therefore glorify God in your body."



In Memoriam

---

Miss Lila C. Roberts  
Died December, 1915

Bertha Stubbs '15  
Died July 4, 1915

---



# BASKET BALL



Basket-Ball Games—1915

---

COLLEGE TEAM	vs.	SENIORS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS
COLLEGE TEAM	vs.	JUNIORS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	COLLEGE
COLLEGE TEAM	vs.	HUSTLERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	COLLEGE
COLLEGE TEAM	vs.	TIGERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	COLLEGE
COLLEGE TEAM	vs.	CHAMPIONS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	CHAMPIONS
SENIORS	vs.	JUNIORS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS
SENIORS	vs.	HUSTLERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS
SENIORS	vs.	TIGERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS
SENIORS	vs.	CHAMPIONS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS
JUNIORS	vs.	TIGERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	JUNIORS
JUNIORS	vs.	HUSTLERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	JUNIORS
JUNIORS	vs.	CHAMPIONS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	CHAMPIONS
HUSTLERS	vs.	TIGERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	HUSTLERS
HUSTLERS	vs.	CHAMPIONS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	CHAMPIONS
CHAMPIONS	vs.	TIGERS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	CHAMPIONS
SENIORS	vs.	CHAMPIONS . . . . .	<i>Victory</i>	SENIORS



## The Cannon Ball



### The Thanksgiving Game

---

**F**OR three weeks before Thanksgiving there was great rivalry between all of the Basketball teams in College, because the two teams that won the most games were to play the last and decisive one on Thanksgiving Day. At the end of the series of games, the Seniors and Champions were in the lead, and they began earnest preparations for the final clash.

For hours before the vital hour arrived, the basketball field seemed to throb with suppressed excitement, and the stately bedecked goals seemed to stand up under their colors with meaning importance. Girls were rushing about eagerly; all was preparatory to that all-important contest for the school championship.

About two o'clock there was a great rush for the choice seats of the basketball court; the Senior rooters assembled on one side, while the supporters of the Champions were on the other. Soon the singing began and enthusiastic yelling rang out from both sides.

When the teams took their respective positions on the court, the whistle blew, the cheering ceased, and the ball was tossed. Every eye followed the ball. It fell into the hands of the Seniors, then began its wild chase. Backwards and forwards it passed until suddenly a triumphant yell announced that the Senior team had scored. The in-

## The Cannon Ball

terest gained in intensity; the players grew more determined at every pass of the ball. The first half ended with a score of 17 to 10 in favor of the Seniors.

The memory of that final conflict will remain forever in our minds, and Time can never wring it from us. As the clear whistle sounded in the cold crisp air, the players took their positions on the field again, and with palpitating hearts and high hopes began playing vigorously. Although the Seniors scored one after another, the brave old Champions never ceased to work. And the crowd in almost perfect silence watched the play of the ball becoming more and more excited as the game progressed. Quick as lightning the Champions played, and into the forward's hand the ball rolled, but too late to score, for just then the whistle sounded, and the championship was won by the eager Seniors. The score—40 to 26—was wafted in the air as the victorious Seniors left the field.







## College Basket-Ball Team

GLADYS McGRATH  
*Captain*

SALLIE MANSON PETTY  
*Business Manager*

RUTH MINTER  
NANNIE BRADSHAW  
*Forwards*

JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO  
MARY TRUITT  
*Guards*

GLADYS McGRATH  
*Jumping Center*

GLADYS BARROW  
IDELLE McNEAL  
*Side Centers*

ALMA GOUGH  
LOIS DOSHER  
*Substitutes*





## Senior Basket-Ball Team

BLANCHE BASSETT  
*Captain*

VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
*Business Manager*

SUSIE ELDER  
BLANCHE BASSETT  
*Forwards*

KATHRYN SINK  
SALLIE CARROLL  
*Guards*

VIRGINIA HOLLAND  
*Jumping Center*

VIRGINIA BONNEY  
BLANCHE ROBINSON  
*Side Centers*

WILHELMINA THOMAS  
ANNIE FERGUSON  
ALISE CLAY  
FRANCES GRANT  
*Substitutes*



# The Cannon Ball



## Junior Basket-Ball Team

---

CARRIE BELLE COCHRAN  
*Captain*

HELEN TEASS  
*Business Manager*

BOOKER LAND  
*Left Forward*

FRONIE WELLS  
*Right Forward*

HELEN TEASS  
*Left Side Center*

ALICE LEE  
*Right Side Center*

IVA PHIPPS  
*Jumping Center*

CARRIE BELLE COCHRAN  
*Right Guard*

ELIZABETH BROWN  
*Left Guard*

SELDEN RAGLAND

ZELIA TOWSEY

DELLA THORNTON

MARY ROBINSON

*Substitutes*

# The Cannon Ball



## Champion Basket-Ball Team

---

EDITH WALKER  
*Captain*

GERTRUDE REDFORD  
*Business Manager*

MILDRED POTTER  
FLORENCE DAWSON  
ALDAH MYRICK  
*Centres*

EDITH WALKER  
GERTRUDE REDFORD  
*Forwards*

LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON  
GEORGIA KYLE  
*Guards*

MARIE SAUL  
ELENA REASONER  
CLARINE SCULL  
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS  
DOROTHY FRANKLIN  
*Substitutes*





## Tiger Basket - Ball Team

JESSIE BROWN  
RUTH JARRATT  
*Captains*

JESSIE BROWN  
RUTH JARRATT  
*Forwards*

ETHEL DOUGHTY  
NINA FULFORD  
*Guards*

AGNES BURGESS  
*Jumping Centre*

PINA TOLLEY  
RUTH SHIFLETTE  
*Side Centres*

MARY ADKINS  
MIRIAM DE BERRY  
MARIE STAATS  
MARY MAHOOD  
*Substitutes*

# The Cannon Ball



## Hustlers Basket-Ball Team

---

LUCILLE BAXTER  
*Captain*

LAVERNA BRYAN  
*Business Manager*

LUCILLE BAXTER  
LAVERNA BRYAN  
*Forwards*

LORA TAYLOR  
KATIE FLORA  
*Guards*

ELIZABETH HEADLEY  
*Jumping Centre*

MARION PASSMORE  
VERA SHORT  
*Side Centres*

RUTH COX  
JANET GOODRICH  
MARTIE KIRWAN  
MABEL BEAN  
*Substitutes*



# The Cannon Ball



## Eagle Basket-Ball Team

---

SALLIE KATE ASTIN

EDWARD CANNON

*Captains*

MARIE ADAMS

DAVID CANNON

EDWARD CANNON

HELEN CLARK

ALICE DUNTON

ROSE ELAM

CELESTE FEDDEMAN

DOROTHY FREYSTADT

CORA KEITH

MARGUERITA LATHAM

IRENE LINDSAY

LOUISE OTWELL

NETTIE TRADER

GERTRUDE WAINRIGHT

## The Cannon Ball

### A Blackstone Calamity

---

'Twas at a public night one time  
The tragedy began.  
He looked at her; she looked at him,  
And neither of them ran.

He fixed his daring gaze on her,  
Quite full of admiration;  
She tossed her head but dropt her eyes  
In pretty consternation.

Next day at church he bowed to her.  
The blue hat nodded slightly,  
And in a week the whole school knew  
But kept the secret tightly.

One night his letter came to her;  
In haste the sealing she cut.  
"To One I wish to know," it read,  
And thrilled her to a peanut.

Next public night she talked to him.  
My! but he thought her sweet,  
From her powdered face and borrowed dress  
To her little slippered feet.

For weeks these lovers they were true;  
No cloud dimmed their devotion,  
Until she liked another boy,  
And that caused a commotion.

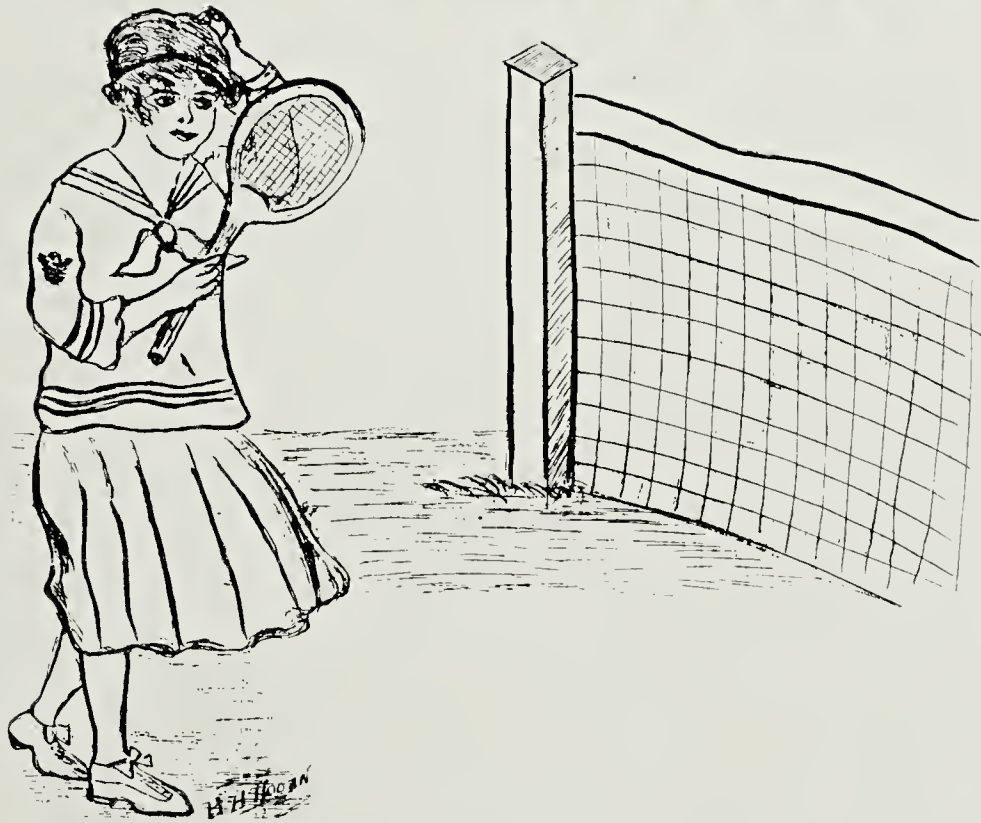
He sent her no more candy, flowers,  
And called her false and fickle.  
A briny tear or two she shed—  
Now she was in a pickle.

And thus my sad tale nears its end;  
True love they thought was not it;  
She got back her letters, and sent him his pin,  
And B. C.—B. M. A. soon forgot it.

—Elena Reasoner.



# TENNIS



# The Cannon Ball



## Senior Tennis Club

SUSIE ELDER ..... *President*

FRANCES GRANT ..... *Vice-President*

BERNICE HOGAN ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

MILDRED ATWOOD  
BLANCHE BASSETT  
SALLIE CARROLL  
LUCILLE CHEATHAM  
ALISE CLAY

BESSIE CORDER  
HELEN DICKENS  
HAZEL DUDLEY  
SUSIE ELDER  
ANNIE FERGUSON  
FRANCES GRANT

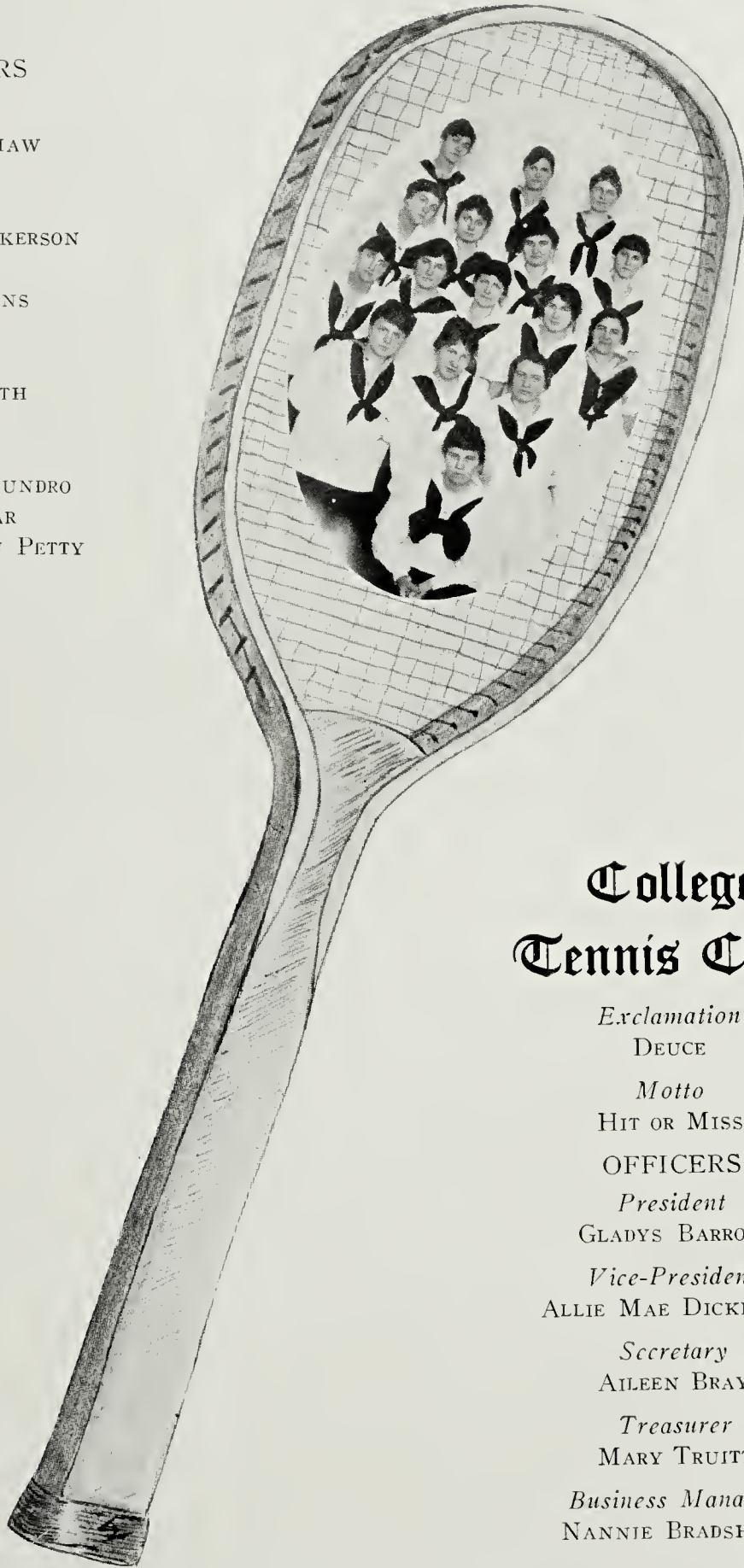
BERNICE HOGAN  
LOIS McCUMBER  
LUCY MORTON  
PEARLE SHEPPARD  
KATHRYN SINK



# The Cannon Ball

## MEMBERS

GLADYS BARROW  
NANNIE BRADSHAW  
AILEEN BRAY  
MABEL CATO  
ALLIE MAE DICKERSON  
LOIS DOSHER  
KATHLEEN GIVENS  
ALMA GOUGH  
MARTHA HITE  
GLADYS McGRATH  
IDELLE McNEAL  
RUTH MINTER  
JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO  
FANNIE PURYEAR  
SALLIE MANSON PETTY  
MARY TRUITT



## College Tennis Club

*Exclamation*

DEUCE

*Motto*

HIT OR MISS

OFFICERS

*President*

GLADYS BARROW

*Vice-President*

ALLIE MAE DICKERSON

*Secretary*

AILEEN BRAY

*Treasurer*

MARY TRUITT

*Business Manager*

NANNIE BRADSHAW

## The Cannon Ball



## Junior Tennis Club

### MEMBERS

EVA ASHER	RUTH GILL	ETHEL NASH
FRANCES BAKER	MARY FOSTER	MARION PASSMORE
LESSIE BARNETTE	LOIS HAYES	IVA PHIPPS
ANNE BASSETT	LILLIE HOOKER	SELDEN RAGLAND
AVIS BASSETT	ALMA HOPKINS	ROSA ROBERTSON
REVA BINFORD	BEATRICE HUNTINGTON	MARY ROBINSON
ELIZABETH BRITTON	HELEN KEITH	CARY SAUNDERS
ELIZABETH BROWN	SANNIE KERNS	BLANCHE SMITH
CARRIE CARNER	BOOKER LAND	EUNICE STEPHENSON
CARRIE BELLE COCHRAN	ELLEN LANE	HELEN TEASS
ETHEL DAVIS	ALICE LEE	DELLA THORNTON
CECILE DEVIN	MAUDE LEWIS	ZELIA TOWSEY
ETHEL DIXON	MARY MURRILL	FRONIE WELLS
THELMA DOYLE	MELBA NANCE	CORNELIA WRIGHT





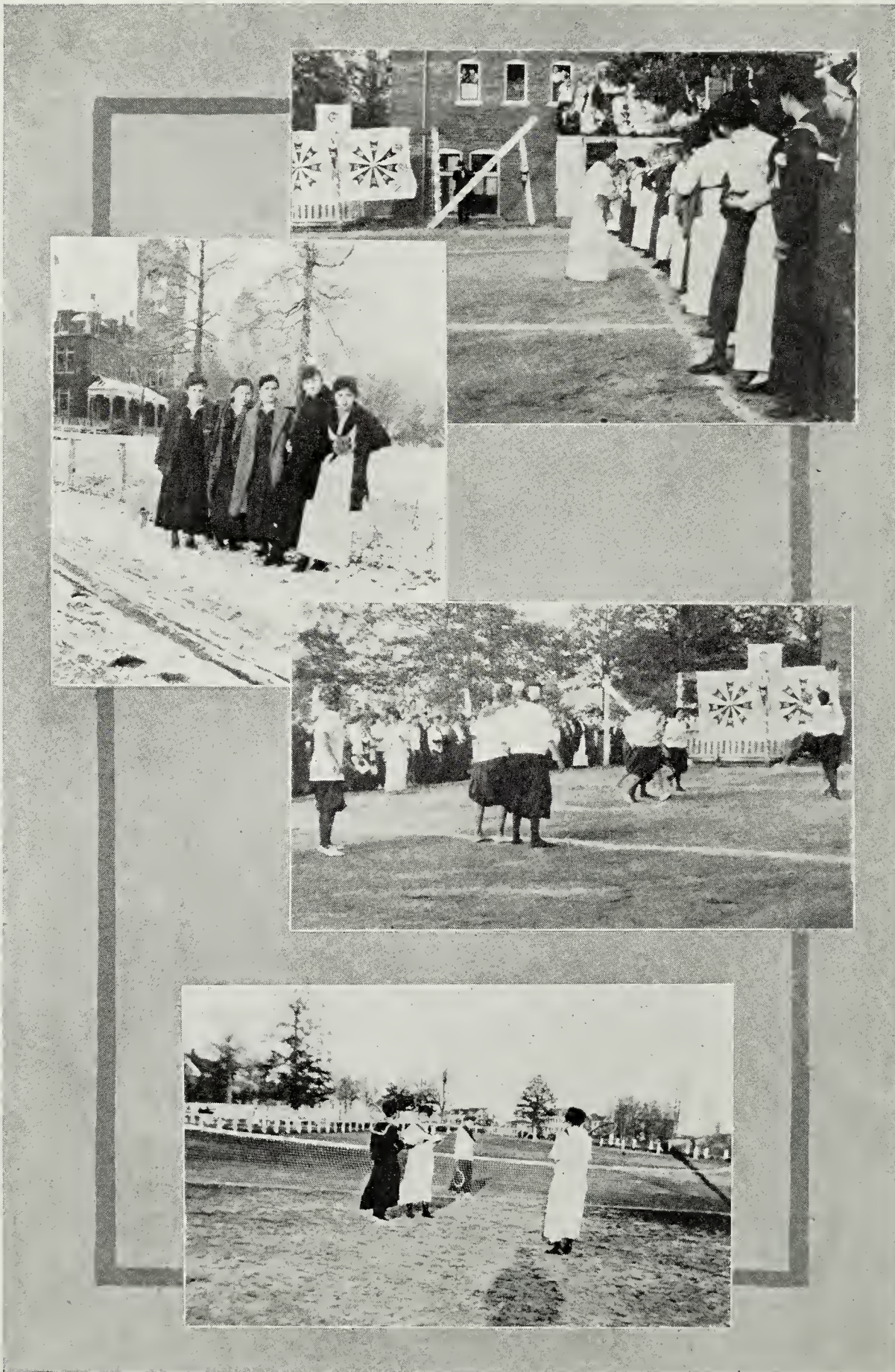
## Sweet Sixteen Tennis Club

AIM: *To Strike Love.*

MABEL BEAN	ANNIE HOPKINS	GRACE SINGLETON
LA VERNA BRYAN	MARY MAHOOD	BLANCHE STOWE
FRANCES CAPPS	IVA PHIPPS	TESSIE TOBIAS
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON	GERTRUDE REDFORD	WINIFRED THORNTON
DOROTHY FRANKLIN	JUANITA ROGERS	AMELIA WOOTEN
	GERTRUDE SAUNDERS	



# The Cannon Ball





## The Spirit of the Hills



H, WORLD! beautiful, beautiful world! How full a life may be filled with beautiful things in a world like this!" The speaker stood on a ledge of rocks high upon a mountain side and held her arms toward the rising sun. She was small in stature, but the soul that looked from the depths of those luminous brown eyes seemed to mock the slight form, and to say, "I am strong enough for both." A moment longer she stood with outstretched hands, then she turned to a big dog by her side—her body-guard. "It is a beautiful world, Carlo; no wonder we love to live in it. See, old fellow, how the mist is clearing; look, you can see the river." The girl watched the clearing of the mist until she could see the hills on the other side of the valley, and on until the houses in the valley itself appeared, and even the river that made a majestic curve through the meadows far below. Then, as if satisfied with her moments of waiting, she whistled to the dog to follow, and slowly descended a steep path that led to a little cottage where the blue smoke curled slowly from the chimney, which told that the morning meal was being prepared.

She entered the dining room first—the morning watch on the mountain top had sharpened her appetite—and when she saw her mother and father at the breakfast table, she was glad enough to join them. The father, whose brown locks were fast becoming mingled with grey, looked with tender affectionate eyes on the girl as she came in with cheeks glowing to match the pink of her dress, her eyes sparkling with the very joy of living, and the curling ringlets of brown hair nodding them a cheery "good morning." The mother love that shone from the mother's eyes at the table as she greeted her daughter cannot be told here, but the smile she gave her child spoke more truly of that love than words could ever express.

The girl talked merrily on, of the beauty of the morning as she had viewed it from the mountain top, until she noticed her father's abstract manner and a perplexed look in her mother's eyes; then she stopped her chatter and finished her meal in silence; she knew "something was up," and they would tell her in their own good time.

"Daughter," began her father as he arose from the table and began to walk up and down the room; "would you like to visit your Aunt Margarete in New Orleans this fall?" The girl did not answer

## The Cannon Ball

for a while. Such a proposal to most girls of nineteen would have been a joy; but to this one it seemed rather something to be dreaded than looked forward to—this visit to an aunt in a Southern city.

“This morning your mother and I had a letter from your aunt asking us to allow you to come to her for the fall and winter.”

“Oh, Father! so long! Then besides”—her chin lifted slightly—“Aunt Margarete has been horribly unfair to you.”

“My dear, it is your mother’s sister of whom you speak.”

“Yes, but mother knows,” persisted the girl, who had not forgotten the old old story told her by her mother of the two girls who twenty-five years before were left orphans. These two were sole heirs of the fortune of an aristocratic family. The older sister soon married a wealthy man, whose family matched her own, but when the younger sister married a struggling young lawyer, Jack Royster, of the town, the older one vowed never to see her sister again; for she said she had married beneath her. Before a division of the property was made, because of a bad investment, everything the sisters had was swept away, and at the same time Mr. Royster was badly crippled. He then moved his family to the cottage we see them in now, in the Blue Ridge mountains of the Old Dominion, and here Frances was born and reared, under the shadows of the towering hills, and free as the air she breathed to roam at will over these same beautiful statues that Mother Nature has given us.

Frances turned these things over in her mind. “She wants to see how I look. She has curiosity to see Jack Royster’s daughter, and yes, she shall. I’ll show her,” thought the girl. Aloud she said, “Yes, I’d like to go, but I’ll have to leave you for so long.”

The mother and father both expressed themselves as being pleased with her decision, even if they would be lonely without her, but then there would be letters twice a week telling them of the lovely times she was sure to have.

As preparations go forward for the departure of our little mountain girl from her native hills, let us take a look into a certain magnificent home in that city of the Southland where the mocking-birds sing in the magnolia trees.

A tall clock in the dining room of this home chimed musically the hour of eleven; from opposite sides of the room two women entered and greeted each other with a languid grace. The elder, a distinguished looking woman with a proud, calm face, so like the younger one at her side, talked of the ball of the evening before; then they rang for the breakfast. The girl listened as her mother planned a costume for her, to be worn that evening, in a frankly sleepy manner. When the



## The Cannon Ball

meal was finished and they were leaving the table Mrs. Lancaster said, "Oh, by the way, Hortense, I wrote last week to your aunt and uncle Royster inviting your cousin Frances to spend the fall and winter here. This morning I received this, accepting my invitation." She held out to her daughter the letter she had received, but the girl ignored it and exclaimed:

"Mother! What can we do with a mere child here? She would not care to go with me, even if she could."

"Hortense, you forget that your cousin is only a month younger than yourself. She is my only sister's child, and I hope you and your brother will be kind to her. As to her going to places you go, I fancy she will not care to, but that is just my reason for bringing her here—to show her a little of life."

"Certainly, mother, your wishes shall be carried out, but I predict you will wish her back home before she has been here a week. What does father think?"

"He agrees with me, in my conviction that it is my duty to do something for my sister's child."

With this the two separated—Mrs. Lancaster to go down-town, Hortense to seek out her brother Jack in his "den" and impart to him the "latest," as she styled the news her mother had given her.

Jack, a thoroughly indolent fellow of twenty, flung his cigarette in the open grate and gave a long-drawn whistle.

"Oh, I say, but that's jolly!"

"Glad you think so," scornfully returned his sister. "I think, for my part, it's boring."

Weeks passed by. Meanwhile Jack tormented his sister with visions of a green and blue plaid suit and a white hat trimmed in pink flowers and red ribbon, mounting the marble steps to their front door.

When the fifteenth of November came, the day of Frances' arrival, it found Hortense in a perfect fever of excitement. Just before train time she and Jack stepped from the car in front of the station, and as the train pulled in Hortense clutched her brother's arm.

"There she is!" she cried. "See that girl in that green and blue plaid suit?"

Jack laughed a full, boyish laugh. "Nonsense," he said; "there she is, I'll bet my hat!"

In open-eyed wonder Hortense saw her brother go forward and speak to a young girl of her own age; then saw them clasp hands in a cordial "shake"—and in some way they were all seated in the car and being whirled homeward.

## The Cannon Ball

Hortense was dumbfounded, and as she sat there she had a chance to look her cousin over. Her dress was faultless from the tiny tip of her dainty toes to the top of her jaunty little hat. The belle of New Orleans society could not find a flaw in the girl's apparel at her side. "She is beautiful," decided the girl as she took in detail the lovely eyes shaded by curling lashes, and felt inclined to push aside a stray curl that had escaped from under the hat. "I guess after all I'll give this old town something to sit up and take notice of."

Jack delighted in his sister's wonder and amazement, and in sly underhand ways made her as uncomfortable as possible by his knowing glances. He and Frances were good friends long before home was reached. Frances met his sallies in a way that, as he told his mother afterwards, "took him off his feet."

"You haven't said a word about our new car," said Jack; "it's father's pride, you know, and he'd feel rather hurt if he were along."

"Oh, this?" And for the first time she looked at the beautiful furnishings of the most handsome limousine in New Orleans. "I love it," she told him.

"Whew!" was Jack's mental ejaculation. "Guess she rides in 'em all the time. She's like a queen, and a whole lot prettier than Hortense. Gee! but won't the fellows lose their heads?"

Jack soon had woven a romance in which he had his cousin and his chum, Bob Le Delle, the son of the wealthiest man in town, happily married.

By the time Frances had met her aunt and had gone to her room to rest and dress for dinner, Jack had changed his mind about the theatre that night—that he had declared before he would not attend because he hated the prima donna. He teased his sister about her plaid suit of green and blue until she was in a very bad humor, and he was just backing out of the room when he succeeded in knocking over and breaking an expensive vase and colliding with a vision of loveliness in a clinging white frock.

Hortense was thoroughly angry, but Jack made due apologies to Frances, and giving the vase a little kick, he left the room while times were still good.

The much imposed upon Hortense gave her cousin a long list of her troubles that the merciless Jack inflicted, but Frances thought him too funny for anything, and said she had always so longed for a brother.

Frances was what Jack called a jolly good sport. She was ready for anything, from a ball or theatre to a spin with him over the beautiful country surrounding the city. The friends of her aunt's family



## The Cannon Ball

vied with each other, to see which could do the most for the advancement of the little mountain girl's pleasure.

All had gone well and the family were well pleased, until one morning when cards were received for a card party and Frances told her aunt that she must decline.

"But why, my dear, I especially wish you to attend this. Mrs. LeRoy, as you know, is very exclusive, and I fear I could never explain your absence."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Margarete, but you have noticed several times I have refused to join in a game of cards. I do not, cannot, approve of them, and though I'm sorry to disappoint you, I must refuse to go."

Mrs. Lancaster was rather offended, but she only said "Very well, Frances."

Hortense fussed and fumed all day, and declared if she did not go there would not be a spark of fun in going, for every man there would be so disappointed it would be a punishment to talk to any of them.

Frances was firm, and when Hortense told her she was not going either, but intended to stay with her, Jack told her she could do as she pleased, but he was going to take Frances over on the other side of the river, and she would not be home long anyway. Hortense very reluctantly went with her mother, and Jack and Frances went for their moonlight drive.

"Do you know, Frances," said her companion as they left the city limits, "I feel a thousand times better when all that is behind me" (jerking his head in the direction of the city).

"I do, too," confided Frances. "It's lovely for a change, and Jack, I'm having a glorious time; but there is something missing in the life—you are not offended, are you, Jack?"

"Offended? Well, I guess not! I'll say more than that—it's the most boring hole I ever was in. Will you believe me when I tell you I've had the very best time I ever had in my life since you've been here, and I don't know why, but you've kept me straight. 'Twas great in you not to go tonight, when you thought it wrong to play cards and gamble. Fan, I'll tell you the honest truth, I haven't taken anything stronger than water but twice since you've been here—then I had to avoid you for a day or two. There's something in your eyes that's so true a fellow don't like to meet their gaze, and as to gambling, I've only put up a thousand once since you came. The fellows say I'm getting conscientious."

Frances lifted a pale face to her cousin. "Jack! Please don't tell me any more—you can't be that bad!"

## The Cannon Ball

“You little ghost; it’s the life here; don’t look so horrified. Why, that’s nothing. I just wanted to let you know you were doing a fellow some good. I don’t know why I told you; Hortense knows about the way I do, and she doesn’t care or think anything about it.”

“Jack, to say the least of it, such a life is a sin against your Creator, and did you ever think of the ruination of your character and finally of your very soul, if you continue in this way?” The girl’s voice trembled as she spoke, for her whole nature recoiled from anything so recklessly sinful as Jack had pictured his own life.

Jack did not answer for a while, and his cousin thought he was thinking. They went on and on in the moonlight over the smooth white road until Jack finally said, “See that fellow ahead—let’s give him a race to Roseville—it’s five miles—then we’ll turn back, for it’s getting late.” Frances’ spirits, that Jack’s story had thrown a damper over, soon began to revive in the interest of the man who kept just ahead; then suddenly something went wrong with the engine, and the man left them far behind. As only five minutes were lost in the adjustment of the wrong, Jack determined to catch him, so he threw on the last bit of power, and just touched the ground now and again. Frances remonstrated, but it did no good. Jack drove recklessly on; then there was a crashing ear-splitting explosion, and Jack and Frances were hurled into space. When the girl came to, she was lying a few feet from a blackened mass, that might have been and might not have been, Jack’s trim runabout of an hour before.

What had happened? Oh, yes, she remembered; the race and—the explosion. Where was Jack? A gripping fear seized her. When she got to her feet her head swam, and when she moved her arm she gave a little cry and for a second knew no more, but slipped back to the ground. In a moment she was herself again, and in spite of the pain in her arm she made her way to the machine and began to search frantically for her cousin, but in all the blackened ruins could she find anything that pertained to a human body. She finally found him a few feet from where she had lain. He lay on his side, and when Frances turned him over she gave a low cry. Down his pallid cheek a stream of blood was slowly trickling. What should she do? She quickly staunched the flow of blood, and set out for the village at a pace she thought she could hold until she reached her destination.

As the lights of the village came into view, she suddenly realized that the ache in her arm was dreadful, and that she was faint from anxiety and the fatigue of her walk. She pressed on and in a few minutes after reaching the village she had found a doctor and had told that kind man where he was wanted and the circumstances. In a



## The Cannon Ball

very short time they were driving rapidly back to the scene of the accident. They found Jack as Frances had left him, with his bloodless face turned to the sky. The doctor quickly bathed the wound with water Frances brought from a spring, and bandaged the ugly gash on the side of his head. Being quite impossible to move him as far as the city, the doctor said he would take him to the hospital in the village and phone to his people. As Frances helped the doctor place the inert form of her cousin in the car, she gave her arm a twist and a little cry of pain escaped her pale set lips. The doctor turned an enquiring look upon the girl, whose cool nerve he had so admired throughout the ordeal.

"My arm," gasped Frances; "I twisted it."

"You're hurt!" exclaimed the man. "Why—" but he never finished the sentence, for the girl had again slipped to the ground in an unconscious little heap.

"Better for her," said the doctor as he lifted her into the car. "Poor brave little thing; to think she's been suffering all this time and helping me like a little trump. I'll make a dash for town and get her fixed up in a few minutes." So saying, he sent his car at a swift rate homeward.

We will just skim lightly over the days and weeks that followed. Our heroine's arm was only broken, but Jack, poor Jack, had a battle with the grim monster Death to wage before he could leave the four walls of his room.

One afternoon late in December he lay in a stupor after a day of restless delirium. Frances was sitting by his side, and a nurse was on the other. There was an anxious look in the young girl's eyes, and as she left the room in a few minutes her eyes were full of tears.

Yes, the doctor said if there was not a change in a few hours he could not possibly live. How can he die? He mustn't. He must not leave this life with that last conscience speech on his lips. Frances had started to her aunt, but she had to compose herself before she could go, so she went into the library, not knowing anyone was there.

"Miss Royster, how is he?" asked a boyish voice.

Turning, Frances saw Jack's chum, Bob Le Delle, who Jack had chosen for her on the day of her arrival; and who had been an almost constant inmate of the house since the accident, and had taken Frances for almost every drive she had allowed herself to indulge in.

"Mr. Le Delle, there is not even the slightest change."

"Poor old fellow, how I wish I could help him, Frances; he is the only brother I have ever known."

## The Cannon Ball

"Yes, I know, and we must trust for the best. You will excuse me, please, while I go to Aunt Margarette?"

Mrs. Lancaster and Hortense did not seem to realize Jack's condition as did Frances; but the girl knew her aunt must be told what the doctor had told her, and as gently as possible she broke the news.

All through the long night, while Hortense slept, Frances sat by the side of the cousin whose life was swinging in the balance. Not a word was spoken in the sickroom that night; nothing could be done. Mrs. Lancaster finally went for a little rest, and left Frances, Bob and one nurse to watch by the side of her boy.

"Ask and ye shall receive," quoted Frances; "he will not die."

As if in answer to the prayer she had just breathed, the sick boy opened his eyes and turned to Frances.

"The engine's gone dead, Fan, and I did want to beat that fellow into town. Oh! What?" He closed his eyes and breathed deep and regular. He was asleep, and it was the natural sleep that would restore him to health. Frances looked at Bob, and together they left the room.

In the days of joyous convalescence Frances was Jack's constant companion; she read to him, and after he was strong enough she and Bob would take him for drives along a road that wound with the banks of the Great Father of Waters for twenty-five miles. On these drives Jack was very silent, and his two friends wondered greatly at the change that had come to the impetuous youth. There was a gentleness new to the Jack of old that Bob could not quite understand. Another thing Bob could not understand was himself—he had not been with his set any for a month, and had no desire for their company. Stranger still, he had gotten a position. Why? was the question he asked himself. When he told Jack of his new outlook in life, he smiled knowingly.

"Yes, I see, old fellow; I understand."

"Kindly explain," pleaded Bob with mock gravity. "It's more than I understand."

"You will soon, and if in a month's time you don't I'll tell you my opinion."

It was the first of April; the Southland seemed wonderful in its tropical beauty; but Frances, with the coming of the spring, began to long for the glory of her mountains in the wonderland of Virginia.

Her friends dreaded to have her leave, but with many promises to return she was at last ready to go.

"Frances," said her aunt in the last hour of her stay, "we have so loved to have you with us, my dear. Sometime perhaps I can tell you what your visit has meant to us, but now you may tell your mother if she will forgive me I will visit her before the year is over."



## The Cannon Ball

"Oh, Aunt Margaret! such a joyful message for mother; I'm so glad, and I know she will be."

Jack had promised to go to Virginia as soon as he was strong enough, and as Frances told him good-bye he whispered, "Little cousin, you've taught me to live, and I mean to. In a few weeks I'll be with you in the hills you love so well, and in them I hope to find the strength to enter school next term and finish the course I dropped last year, and, Fan, it will not be for the same purpose for which I started my law course—then I meant it only for a sham to keep from being called a loafer. Now I want it to be my work to help my fellowmen, and to this end I shall aim—and you have made me feel all this."

Bob went with Frances to the train, and as it pulled out he said, "Frances, may I come with Jack next month? Please say yes; I need it."

At the time Frances did not think what it was Bob needed, but only gave a hurried consent and turned to wave him a good-bye from the window. As the train gathered speed she realized that for the second time Bob had called her by her first name. The blood rushed to her face. With a sensation new to her, the girl counted the weeks that must unwind themselves from the coil of Time before again she would see that strong, handsome face.

We will not follow our heroine in the weeks that followed. They were spent mostly in giving her mother and father detailed accounts of her months with her aunt.

One morning in early June, as Frances was weeding a flower bed, a carriage stopped in front of the house and two boys came eagerly forward.

"Mr. Le Delle! Jack!" exclaimed Frances, extending a hand to each, "what a surprise!"

"He would come a week earlier," explained Jack wickedly; "hope you don't mind, but honest he wouldn't wait another day."

Frances assured them of their welcome. Her cheeks were glowing and eyes sparkling with a light that not only the loved work of tending her flowers brought to them. Her hair was disarranged, but what mattered that, when it only added to her beauty.

In the wonderful days that followed, Jack regained the strength he had lost in his physical illness, and found the strength of soul he needed from Frances and the inspiring hills over which they roamed together. Bob, too, even more than Jack, had caught the spirit of the hills. As he and Frances sat one afternoon watching the sunset sky as its changing colors cast a glow on the mountain across the valley.

"Frances," said Bob, "we are leaving tomorrow. I do not know how to ask you to leave the beauty of your home here, but some day

## The Cannon Ball

could you not leave it to bring the beauty of these hills to a home that will close like prison walls around me ere this week is gone?"

Frances knew her own heart, and without the slightest coquetry she answered her lover, "Yes, Bob, if the strength I have gained from these hills can round out your life I will come to you."

Together they watched the fading light of day, but before the stars began to twinkle, they were joined by Jack.

"How wonderful! how wonderful! Frances, no wonder you reformed me—living in a place like this and bringing to our home your noble little self. If every fellow in the world had a sister like you, Fan, how different our sex would be."

"Hush, Jack," commanded Frances.

"I won't," he returned; "it's all true—and I'm to be a truthful lawyer, you know."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Bob; he must be delirious again."

"Frances, you wove the spirit of these hills not only into his life, but into mine. You have made new men out of us both; and as we go back home we will take with us a new feeling for our race, and a new interest in mankind."

"In a beautiful world like ours," said Frances as she turned an enraptured face to the stars that were beginning to twinkle in the sky, "one's life can but be filled with a wonderful love for humanity, and here where you were with the things that God himself has made, instead of those made by man, you realized that love for his created mortals."

They gave a lingering look upon the fast darkening valley, and hand in hand Frances and Bob descended the path together. Jack's day dream had come true, and as he watched them slowly winding their way down the path the world seemed to be hushed and stilled. For an instant not even a cricket called. Jack bowed his head; it seemed that a solemn benediction rested over the mountain where two lovers were made as one.

FRONIE WELLS.







**CLUBS**

## The Cannon Ball



## West Virginia Club

BEATRICE HUNTINGTON  
DORSEY SMITH  
MARIE STAATS  
NELLE STAATS  
RUBY STAATS  
PINA TOLLEY  
IRENE WELLS

MABEL BEAN  
FOUNTIE BROWN  
JESSIE BROWN  
EMMA CROCKETT  
MARY FIFE  
LUCILLE FLEISHER  
ELEANOR HEPLER



# The Cannon Ball



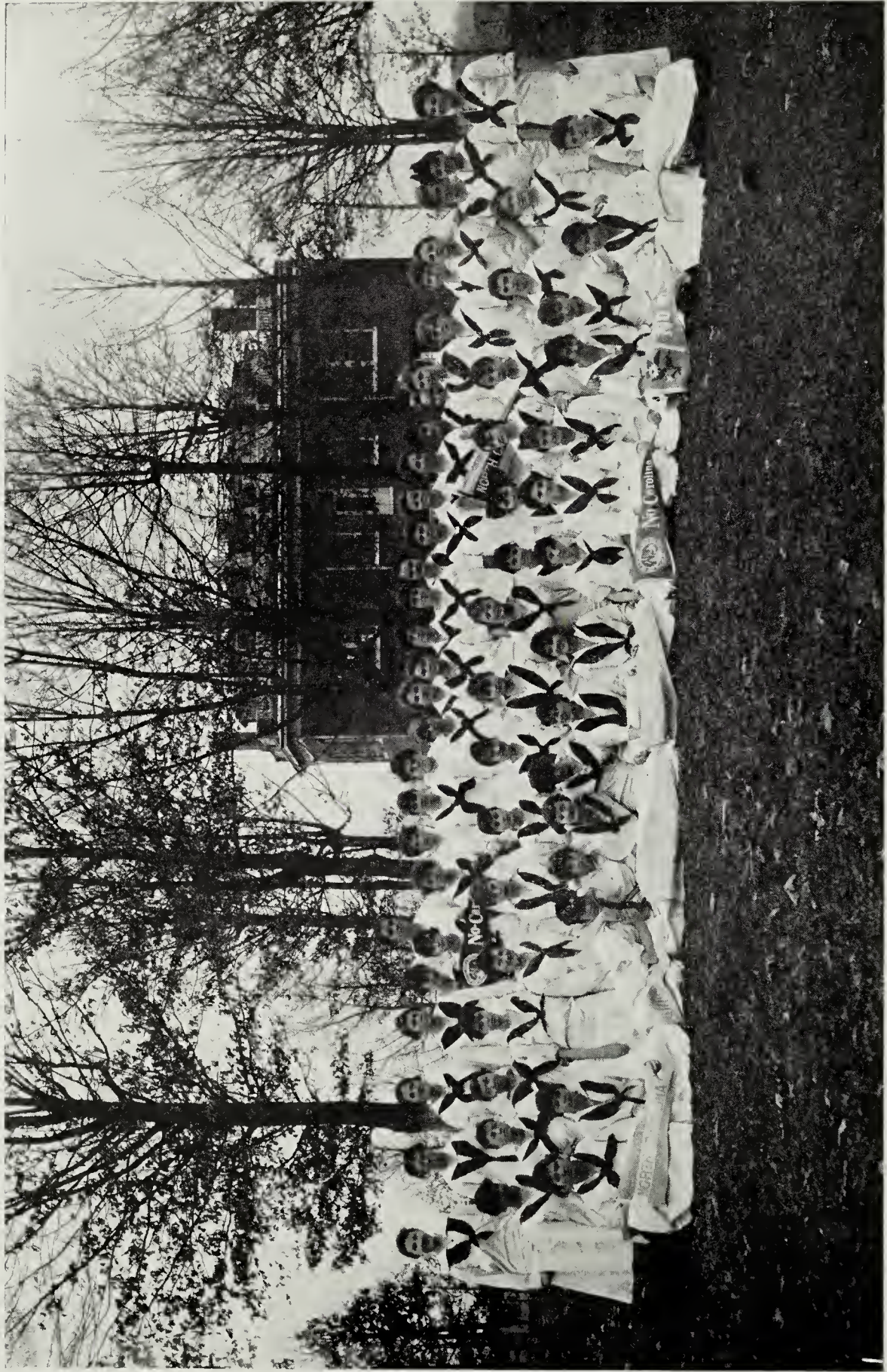
## Western Club

MISS ERNESTINE JACOBS  
MISS GLADYS WALKER  
CARRIE BELLE COCHRAN  
EARLINE COCHRAN  
ETHEL DOUGETY  
DOROTHY FRANKLIN

EDITH WALKER

IVA PHIPPS  
ELENA REASONER  
JUANITA ROGERS  
VERA SHORT  
VISTA SHORT  
DELLA THORNTON





TAR HEEL CLUB



## The Cannon Ball



### Richmond & Norfolk Club

MOTTO—*United we stand, divided we fall; we will have a good time or none at all.*

FLOWER—*Richmond Red Rose.*

SONG—*By the Sea.*

FAVORITE PASTIME—*Looking Eastward Towards the Rising Sun.*

#### MEMBERS .

MISS MARIE BAGLEY  
MISS MARY THOMPSON  
MILDRED ATWOOD  
FRANCES BAKER  
BEULAH BONNER  
LUCILLE BONNEY

VIRGINIA BONNEY  
LA VERNA BRYAN  
FRANCES CAPPS  
HAZEL DUDLEY  
AMY FEREBEE  
RUTH JARRATT

BESSIE LANE  
RUTH MONCURE  
MARION PITTS  
SELDEN RAGLAND  
GERTRUDE REDFORD  
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS



# The Cannon Ball



## “Burgers” Club

MOTTO—*Shoot Home Twice a Month.*

FLOWER—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit.*

COLORS—*Purple and Yellow.*

ALLIE MAE DICKERSON.....*President*  
BLANCHE ROBINSON .....*Vice-President*  
MOLLIE IRBY .....*Secretary*  
LILLIAN SAUNDERS .....*Treasurer*  
MARY ROBINSON .....*Business Manager*

### MEMBERS

MAE CROWDER	MOLLIE IRBY	CARY SAUNDERS
ALLIE MAE DICKERSON	ELLON MORGAN	FANNIE SAUNDERS
RUTH GEE	PEARL NEWTON	LILLIAN SAUNDERS
RUTH GILLS	ELLEN PASSMORE	RUBY SAUNDERS
JOSEPHINE HITE	MARION PASSMORE	SARA SHELTON
QUINCY HUFF	BLANCHE ROBINSON	MYRTLE WILKINSON
RESSIE HUFF	MARY ROBINSON	HATTIE LEE WILLIAMS
	ANNIE SALE	



# The Cannon Ball



## Bedford County Club

COLORS—*Maroon and Gold.*

FLOWER—*Trailing Arbutus.*

### OFFICERS

PEARLE SHEPPARD ..... *President*  
RUTH COFER ..... *Vice-President*  
MABEL WRIGHT ..... *Secretary*  
HELEN TEASS ..... *Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

MARY BURNETT	MARY LEE LOGWOOD
BERA CAMDEN	MELBA NANCE
JESSIE CAMDEN	LUCILLE OVERSTREET
CARRIE CARNER	LOUISE TAYLOR
ETHEL DAVIS	DOROTHY TERRELL
LILLIAN HOGAN	MINNIE TOMLINSON
PAULINE LOGWOOD	FRONIE WELLS
<i>Honorary Member:—Miss ESTHER LYNN</i>	



# The Cannon Ball



## Eastern Shore Club

MOTTO—*Onward, Upward.*

FLOWER—*Evergreen.*

### OFFICERS

BLANCHE SMITH ..... *President*  
ROSA TAYLOR ..... *Vice-President*  
INDIANA HEATH ..... *Keeper of Records*  
LAURA WITHAM ..... *Handler of Funds*

### LESS ASSUMING SISTERS

MISS CHARLOTTE STOAKLEY

ALICE DUNTON                      MYRTLE LEWIS                      ROXIE MORRIS                      LOUISE OTWELL  
GLADYS SMITH                      HELEN TAYLOR                      NETTIE TRADER



# The Cannon Ball



## Expression Class

MARY KEEN MILLER, *Instructor.*

OUR AIM—*Truth and Naturalness of Expression.*

*"The great Orator is the polished reflector of a higher greatness than himself."*

COLORS—*Gold and White.*

FLOWER—*Marseillaise Rose.*

GLADYS WALKER .....*President*  
EDNA ROLLINS .....*Vice-President*  
BLANCHE ROBINSON .....*Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

ELENA REASONER

WINIFRED THORNTON

RESSIE HUFF

LILLIAN HOGAN

MAY MANSON

PINA TOLLEY





## Round Dozen Kodak Club

MOTTO—*Snap! Snap! Snap!*

FLOWER—*Forget-Me-Not.*

### MEMBERS

LUCILLE BAXTER  
FRANCES CAPPS  
RUTH COFER  
DOROTHY FRANKLIN

MOLLIE IRBY  
ALICE LEE  
BERTHA LUPTON  
MARY MURRILL

EDNA ROLLINS  
ROSA ROBERTSON  
WINIFRED THORNTON  
TESSIE TOBIAS





## THE DREAMERS.

### The Dreamers

AIM: *To Make Our Dreams Come True.*

FLOWER: *Moon Flower.*

COLORS: *Midnight Blue and White.*

PRESIDENT, JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO.....	<i>Optimistic Dreamer</i>
VICE-PRESIDENT, MISS ROBBIE McCORD.....	<i>Vision of Bliss</i>
SECRETARY, ANNE BASSETT.....	<i>Sweet Dreamer</i>
TREASURER, CLARINE SCULL.....	<i>Loving Dreamer</i>
LUCILLE CHEATHAM.....	<i>Beautiful Dreamer</i>
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON.....	<i>Nightmare</i>
ALDAH MYRICK.....	<i>Original Dreamer</i>
NANNIE J. PRUDEN.....	<i>"Happy Day" Dreamer</i>
ELENA REASONER.....	<i>Foreign Dreamer</i>
MISS CHARLOTTE L. STOAKLEY.....	<i>Ideal Dreamer</i>
PANSY SMITH.....	<i>Sentimental Dreamer</i>
MARY TAYLOE.....	<i>Silent Dreamer</i>

# The Cannon Ball



## The Leapers

COLORS: *Polka Dots.*

FLOWER: *The (Two) Lips.*

### SONG

If you can't get a man in Leap Year,  
You'll never get a man at all.

*Head Leaper*

"B." HUNTINGTON

*Next in Rank*

"POPE" MAHOOD

*Revenue Collector*

"KITTY" SINK

### MEMBERS

"NELL" CAMP

"TED" CAMP

"NIG" CARNER

"BUB" COFER

"PUGGY" DEVIN

"ANTIQUE" FERGUSON

MISS "SKILLETTE" GILLETTE

"INDIE" HEATH

"LILL" HOGAN

"MOUF" MANSON

"BELLIE" RAGLAND

"NED" ROLLINS

"CHIP" SHEPPARD

"PUNEY" SINK

"FARRAR" WOHLFORD





## Needle's Companion Club

MOTTO: *"A stitch in time saves nine."*

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: *Old maids planning hopeless chest.*

### OFFICERS

BESSIE HARPER ..... *President*  
ELEANOR HEPLER ..... *Vice-President*  
WILHELMINA THOMAS ..... *Secretary*  
CORNELIA WRIGHT ..... *Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

LOIS HAYES                      MARTIE KIRWAN                      ADDIE LEE MOORE  
MARY MAHOOD                      GEORGIA KYLE                      ELIZABETH HEADLEY

# The Cannon Ball



## The Night Owls

KNOCK: *One Long, Two Short.*

PLACE: 25 O. B.

FLOWER: *Midnight Creeper.*

NUMBER: 13.

# N.O.

TIME: 13 o'Clock.

COLOR: *Black.*

MOTTO: *Eat, Drink, and Be Merry.*

### MEMBERS

RAGLAND  
SINGLETON  
WOOTEN  
HEATH  
THORNTON  
FRANKLIN  
REDFORD



HUNTINGTON  
STOWE  
MAHOOD  
HOGAN  
REASONER  
TEASS  
WOHLFORD

MANSON



# The Cannon Ball



## The Eaters

MOTTO: *Eat till you can't.*

"ANNE" BASSETT .....	<i>Fireman</i>
"BEB" BASSETT .....	<i>Chief Cook</i>
"MAY" BASSETT .....	<i>Dish Washer</i>
"SIM" BASSETT .....	<i>Bell Boy</i>
"CILLE" CHEATHAM .....	<i>Errand Boy</i>
"SAM" HOOKER .....	<i>Dish Rag Squeezer</i>
"AL" HOPKINS .....	<i>Waiter</i>
"PUTTY" HOPKINS .....	<i>Lazy Cook</i>



## The Cannon Ball



### Utopia

MOTTO: *Eat, drink and be merry.*

FLOWER: *Buttercup.*

COLORS: *White and Yellow.*

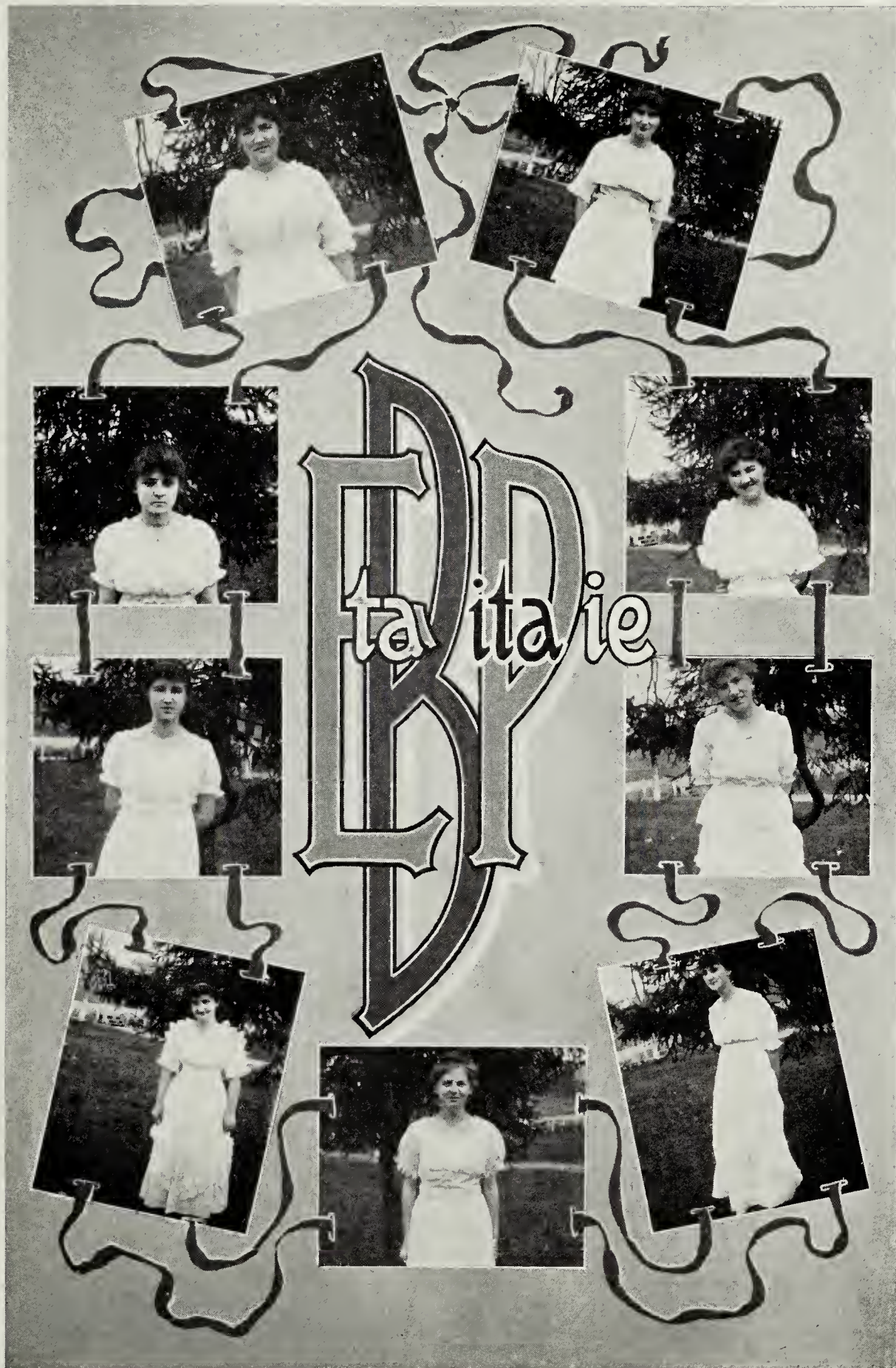
#### MEMBERS

AILEEN BRAY  
MABEL CATO  
LOIS DOSHER

THELMA DOYLE  
BEATRICE HUNTINGTON  
MAY MANSON

RUTH MINTER  
SELDEN RAGLAND  
EDNA GREY ROLLINS







# The Cannon Ball



## D. D. C.

COLOR  
*Red and White*

FLOWER  
*"Johnnie-Jump-Up"*

SONG  
*"At the Devil's Ball"*

MEETING PLACE  
*Wild Cat's Cave*

### ROLL

MARY ADKINS .....	"Daddy"
GLADYS BALLANCE .....	"Scales"
CARLOTTA CORNELIUS .....	"Toots"
ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM .....	"Bellie"
MIRIAM DEBERRY .....	"Sug"
DORIS SAUNDERS .....	"Red"



## The Cannon Ball



### O. H. K. Supper Club

LUCILLE BAXTER  
(Cille)

MABEL BEAN  
(Bean)

LAVERNA BRYAN  
(Bill)

DOROTHY FRANKLIN  
(Dot)

IVA PHIPPS  
(Fitz)

GERTRUDE REDFORD  
(Jimmy)

GERTRUDE SAUNDERS  
(Trudie)

EMMA SMITH  
(Goody-Good)

TESSIE TOBIAS  
(Tess)



## The Cannon Ball



### M. N. K.

MOTTO: *Love and cherish the midnight hours.*

"NELL" CAMP

"TED" CAMP

"MILLY" CLARKE

"ROXIE" MORRIS

"TUL" SINGLETON

"BUNCH" STOWE

"NED" TAYLOR

"WINNY" THORNTON

"SMYLIA" WOOTEN



# The Cannon Ball

## Our First Annual

*Our first annual leaflet  
Is just off the press,  
With the Editors laughing  
O'er such success.*

*We all were so anxious  
To see them come out,  
We hardly could wait  
To know what it was about.*

*But now we don't wonder,  
For we quite understand  
Why each one is wishing  
To have one on hand.*

*We hope that our parents  
Will let us get one;  
To show to them plainly  
Our work so well done.*

—NETTIE TRADER.



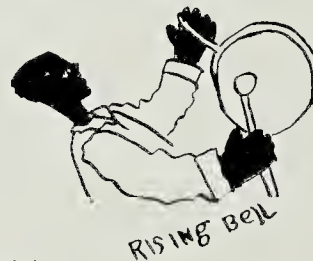
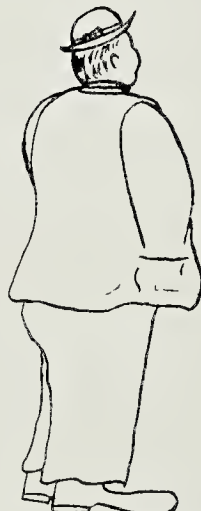


# SCREAMS



# NUISANCES of B.C.

H. HARRICK





## The Cannon Ball

### Whys?

Why did Jesse Lee Darlington go back to study hall?

Why did Miss Stoakley name her Tipperary bull pup "Jack"?

Why didn't Miss Nance come to the "mock" faculty?

Why does Blanche Robinson sigh when she sees a "Frat" pin?

Why did Miss Jacobs walk to the apron party?

Why is Anne Bassett so "Loving"?

Why didn't Aileen Bray wear her flowers Concert?

Why doesn't Mrs. Smith give us ice cream?

Why do the College girls like to go to town on Thursday?

Why is Miss Thompson's trunk and suitcase always full of uncorrected papers?

Why is the Academy so near and yet so far?

Why does Miss Virginia Cannon prefer "Hooks" and (his) eyes to clasps?

Why is Miss Lura Cannon's favorite flower "Jack-in-the-Pulpit"?

## The Cannon Ball



Holland-Eder-Bassé-Von Towsey,  
Enough to keep Morpheus from being drowsy,  
They play in such wheedling cajoling tones,  
You get syncopation all in your bones.

---

*Hattie Lee:* "Miss Thompson, is an epigram the things you have on a tombstone?"

*Miss T.:* "No."

*Hattie Lee:* "Well, is it an epithet?"

*Miss T.:* "No, Hattie Lee, it is an epitaph."

---

*Helen K.:* "Bessie, what are you going to do next year—get married or go to College?"

*Bessie C.:* "I think I will get married, for Adrian says he will marry me with one condition, and I can't get in College with less than four."

---

Miss Mary H. (down town one day) was addressed thus by a drummer who was selling Wright's Knit Goods:

"Little girl, don't you want this for your doll?" and held out a miniature—shirt—for your doll baby.



## The Cannon Ball

### Resolutions!

*Miss Stoakley:* That I will lower my chin.

*Miss Helen Broaddus:* That I will be satisfied with "Justice."

*Miss Lura Cannon:* That I will hereafter "hold my tongue."

*Miss Nance:* That I will put my face in a straight jacket.

*Miss Jacobs:* That I will raise the corners of my mouth.

*Miss Lynn:* That I will be a perfect little lady.

*Seniors:* That we will leave B. C. in June and not look behind us.

*Miss Thompson:* That I will be true to Jesse under any circumstances.

*Miss Wilson:* That I will never say "Stop talking" again.

*Mr. Bennett:* That I will never more kill dogs on Sunday.

*Miss Hoover:* That I will hereafter walk straight.

*Miss McCord:* That I had rather have a man than the consumption.

*Miss Clark:* That I will stop disturbing the girls after light bell by whispering to Miss Jacobs in the hall.

*Juniors:* That we will thrash the College girls next year.







## The Cannon Ball

*Teacher:* "What composes the Legislature?" (Gertrude Wainright eagerly waving her hand.)

"Well, Gertrude, you may answer."

*Gertrude:* "The Y. W. C. A. and Anti-Saloon League."

---

Miss Virginia C., coming from a ball game in the rain, took off her hat and put it under her coat.

*Virginia H.:* "Miss Cannon, you think more of your hat than your hair, don't you?"

*Miss C.:* "Yes, it cost more."

---

*Lois D.:* "Please don't let me forget to write to Edward to-night. I must write him a letter of sympathy."

*Allie Mae:* "Why?"

*Lois:* "His grandfather is dead."

*Allie Mae:* "When did he die?"

*Lois:* "Well, the Doctor said he couldn't possibly live through to-night."

---

*Pupil:* "Where is the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Miss Jacobs?"

No reply, Miss Jacobs looking rapidly through her Geometry book.

*Pupil:* "Miss Jacobs, where is the Leaning Tower of Pisa?"

No reply, Miss Jacobs still looking through her Geometry book.

*Pupil:* "Miss Jacobs, do you know where the Leaning Tower of Pisa is?"

*Miss Jacobs:* "Really, er-er-er—I don't think we take that up this year."



*Batter bread early,  
Batter bread late,  
Batter bread, Batter bread  
Is the B. C. girls' fate.*



# The Cannon Ball

## Miscellanies

Concert is over and we delight  
In completing our studies and completing them right,  
For there is one more quarter, you see,  
To prove to our parents what we are trying to be;  
They all think we are childish and gay  
And neglect our studies to win in play.

Laying our white lawn ruffles aside,  
We hope by our struggles and work to abide,  
For now another week has gone  
And soon this year will be only a song,  
And we will say, "Doesn't it really seem  
That last year at Blackstone was only a dream?"

Hurrah! We're come to this year's end;  
Commencement and fun are soon to begin;  
The Seniors who displayed their knowledge  
Have bade farewell to Blackstone College,  
And now in triumph's brightest stage  
They roam in that great Celestial Age.

For they are teachers of some far-off schools,  
And they stand and repeat dear Blackstone rules  
As others come and fill their places  
Miss Stoakley reads miscellaneous faces,  
And with a sigh she gazes with dread  
As she thinks of the many Pedagogy lessons ahead.

We will say good-bye to one and all  
As we place our pictures in the CANNON BALL,  
And when at home and tired of glee,  
Just open this book and look at me,  
Redeem your thoughts of the Faculty set  
Ere you come back to college and renew your regret!

—EDITH WALKER.

# The Cannon Ball

## Statistics

ALDAH MYRICK .....	<i>Wittiest</i>
THELMA DOYLE .....	<i>Biggest Bluffer</i>
VIRGINIA HOLLAND .....	<i>Best All-Round</i>
RUTH MONCURE .....	<i>Biggest Flirt</i>
MARY MAHOOD .....	<i>Most Mischievous</i>
ANNIE BELLE CROWDER.....	<i>Most Dignified</i>
FRANCES GRANT .....	<i>Happiest</i>
JANETTE GOODRICH .....	<i>Laziest</i>
MARTHA HITE .....	<i>Cleverest</i>
BEATRICE HUNTINGTON .....	<i>Sweetest</i>
BEATRICE WOHLFORD .....	<i>Best Singer</i>
MARIANNE PITTS .....	<i>Biggest Baby</i>
ALDAH MYRICK .....	<i>Most Original</i>
EDNA ROLLINS .....	<i>Most Attractive</i>
ALICE CLAY .....	<i>Most Studious</i>
SUSIE WYNN .....	<i>Best Musician</i>
TAYLORS IN 83 O. B.....	<i>Best Housekeepers</i>
RUTH JARRATT .....	<i>Best Athlete</i>
LUCILLE CHEATHAM .....	<i>Best Cook</i>
ZELIA TOWSEY .....	<i>Most Popular</i>



The Cannon Ball





# Commencement Exercises

of

## Blackstone Female Institute

Institute Auditorium

Friday, Saturday and Sunday  
June 4th, 5th and 6th, 1915

### Programme:

FRIDAY, JUNE 4TH, 8:30 P. M.

#### ANNUAL CONCERT

- CHORUS—Bridal Chorus from "The Rose Maiden".....*Cowen*
- PIANO QUARTETTE—Polonaise Brillante.....*Kucken*  
Miss Florence Baine, Miss Nannie Morton,  
Miss Alise Clay, Miss Elizabeth Baker
- MONOLOGUE—"A Telephone Romance".....*Phelps*  
Miss Ruby Dudley
- PIANO DUO—Turkish March.....*Mozart*  
Misses Annette Munford and Thelma Doyle
- VOCAL SOLO—Love, I Have Won You.....*Ronald*  
Miss Inez Robertson
- PIANO QUARTETTE—Charge of the Hussars.....*Spindler*  
Miss Elizabeth Haddon, Miss Katherine Sink,  
Miss Lucille Newton, Miss Marion Passmore
- CHORUS—(a) Spring Song.....*Dudley Ruck*  
(b) Night Sinks on the Wave.....*H. Smart*  
(c) Beautiful Night, O Night of Love.....*Offenbach*
- MUSICAL READING—"The Red Fan".....*Brown*  
Miss Edna Rollins
- PIANO SOLO—In Springtime.....*Moskowski*  
Miss Ellen Lane
- PART SONG—The Dance of the Pine Tree Fairies (with violin obligato).....*Forman*  
Voice Pupils



# The Cannon Ball

VOCAL SOLO—Love Is Mine.....*Gartner*  
Miss Beatrice Wohlford

PIANO QUARTETTE—Lustpiel Overture.....*Keler Bela*  
Miss Lois McCumber, Miss Bessie Harper,  
Miss Mary Mays, Miss Roberta Wygal

CHORUS—Love's Dream After the Ball.....*Czibulka*  
Drill

SATURDAY, JUNE 5TH, 10:30 A. M.

## CLASS EXERCISES

CHORUS—Doris . . . . .*Nevin*

SALUTATORY.....*Miss Margaret Binford*

PIANO DUO—Scherzo . . . . .*Wollenhaupt*  
Misses Leola Downin and Iris Cook

CLASS HISTORY.....*Miss Lester Jamison*

PROPHECY.....*Miss Katherine Morse*

CLASS SONG—Words by.....*Miss Bertha Stubs*  
Music by.....*Miss Wynona McDaniel*

WILL AND TESTAMENT.....*Miss Annie Fore*

VOCAL SOLO—With the Swallow.....*Dell' Acqua*  
Miss Elizabeth Baker

VALEDICTORY.....*Miss Etta Cornelius*

ANNUAL ADDRESS.....*Dr. Richard Wilkinson*

## PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

### GRADUATES' FAREWELL

### BENEDICTION

SUNDAY, JUNE 6TH, 11:30 A. M.

## HYMN 610—PROCESSIONAL

CHORUS—How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings.....*H. Smart*

### HYMN CREED PRAYER

CHORUS—Lift Thine Eyes to the Mountains, from "Elijah".....*Lendelsohn*

### FIRST SCRIPTURE LESSON

### GLORIA

### SECOND SCRIPTURE LESSON

### HYMN

SERMON.....*Dr. Graham H. Lambeth*

### PRAYER HYMN

## HYMN 175—RECESSIONAL

# The Cannon Ball

## Society

SEPTEMBER 23. Opening of School.

OCTOBER 2. New Girls' Reception. On this Saturday night the new girls were tendered a reception by the Y. W. C. A. Every old girl was requested to bring one or more new girls, as many as were necessary, until every single one should be invited. At 7:30 o'clock a long bell was rung and all girls who wished to be present at the evening gaieties assembled in the Auditorium. The girls of the Y. W. C. A. had planned an interesting little party for the amusement of the new girls, after which they served ice cream, and the following hour was spent by the old girls in getting acquainted with the new ones, and in trying to make the latter feel more "homey" here. This reception has been a happy custom here for some years, and one which we hope may continue for many more.



OCTOBER 23. In the afternoon William Jennings Bryan lectured on "Peace."

OCTOBER 30. Hallowe'en: When ghosts walk abroad and the witch rides the broom, when the black cat stalks about, a living symbol, and when the students of Blackstone College had a jolly good time at a Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER 6. College Girls' Reception to Faculty.

NOVEMBER 13. The First Public Night—"The Rivals."

NOVEMBER 24. Training School play.



## The Cannon Ball

NOVEMBER 25. Thanksgiving Day began at five o'clock, when the Seniors and Champions began vieing with each other as to which should be first to get the most of the prominent places about the campus and building to flaunt their respective colors. Who does not know that they were the victors in the preliminary contests, and on this day of days were to "play off the rubber"? Breakfast was later than usual, giving us the holiday feeling to perfection. No bell to call us to chapel. No bell to say, "It's class time." But a joyous day, indicative of freedom from its very dawn.



"Great as the preparations were for the dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the house should be kept from the morning services of Thanksgiving in the church." Dr. Cannon, as is his custom, gave us a most helpful and interesting talk, enhanced by an attractive and appropriate program. A genuine Thanksgiving service. When the exercises were concluded our President announced the hour of the basketball game, and invited all visitors—young men necessarily excluded—to witness it.

The "rooters" for the opposing teams lined themselves up, facing each other, on either side of the court, and amid a cheerful din the game was played to its finish, leaving, as is usually the case, the good, faithful old Seniors as victors of the field.

While for the most part Mr. Adams' motto seems to be "Enough's a feast," he tried to outdo himself on this gala day, making us almost wish that Thanksgiving Day came several times a year instead of just once.

# The Cannon Ball

## M E N U

	<i>Celery</i>		<i>Pickle</i>
<i>Ham</i>		<i>Cranberry Sauce</i>	<i>Turkey</i>
	<i>Creamed Potatoes</i>		<i>Green Peas</i>
	<i>Butter</i>	<i>Baked Tomatoes</i>	<i>Rolls</i>
	<i>Tea</i>		<i>Coffee</i>
		<i>Mince Pie</i>	
		<i>Fruits</i>	

As has been the custom here for years, the Senior class presented their play Thanksgiving Night before an appreciative audience composed of the student body and any visitors who had tarried long enough with us. This year the play was such a success that it was altogether fitting as the grand finale to such a red-letter day.

DECEMBER 4. Junior Basketball Team's Reception to the Senior and Champion Teams.

DECEMBER 6. Blackstone Academy Reception to the College and Senior Teams.



DECEMBER 7. Mrs. Cannon's Reception to the Faculty.  
From the sounds that one heard they had the "time of their lives."  
Anyway, the next day in class weren't they good though?



## The Cannon Ball

DECEMBER 11. Public Night. Mildred Morrison Company.

DECEMBER 22. Hurrah for Christmas!

JANUARY 5. Work for New Year began.

JANUARY 15. Public Night. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

FEBRUARY 12. Public Night. The Dunbar Quartette and Bell Ringers.

FEBRUARY 19. Reception given by Baptist Church to Baptist girls.

MARCH 11. Mock Faculty.

MARCH 17. Annual Concert.



MARCH 18-20. Holiday.

APRIL 15. Senior Basketball Team's reception to the Junior Team.

APRIL 22. Senior Play.

APRIL 29. Last Public Night—The Message of Oberammergau by Marie Mayer—Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play, 1910.

MAY 13. Junior Reception to the Seniors.

MAY 20. (Name to be supplied)

JUNE 2, 3, 4. Commencement.



The Cannon Ball





## “Mammy Lou”

**H**ELLO, Mammy Lou,” said Dorothy Clarington sweetly, “where are you going?”

“Honey, you ask wha’ I is gwine?” said the old negress. “Why, I is gwine wha’ I is gwine—dats wha’ I is gwine. You better ax me wha’ I done been ’stead of axing we wha’ I is gwine.”

“All right, Mammy Lou, where have you been?” said the beautiful girl at her side, who loved this old negress with all her heart; for had she not been as mother to her since the time when her own beautiful mother had last looked upon her?

“Well, in short now, Dottie Honey, I has been up dar on dat hill to take some things what Marse John done sent to dat old Cap’n Long, who is powerful sick. Honey, he ain’t long for dis world. I was jes starting fer home when I seed you come down de road, and I jes think to myself I would jes wait fer you. Now dats wha’ I is been, and dats de reason I is trodding long side of you now, Honey.”

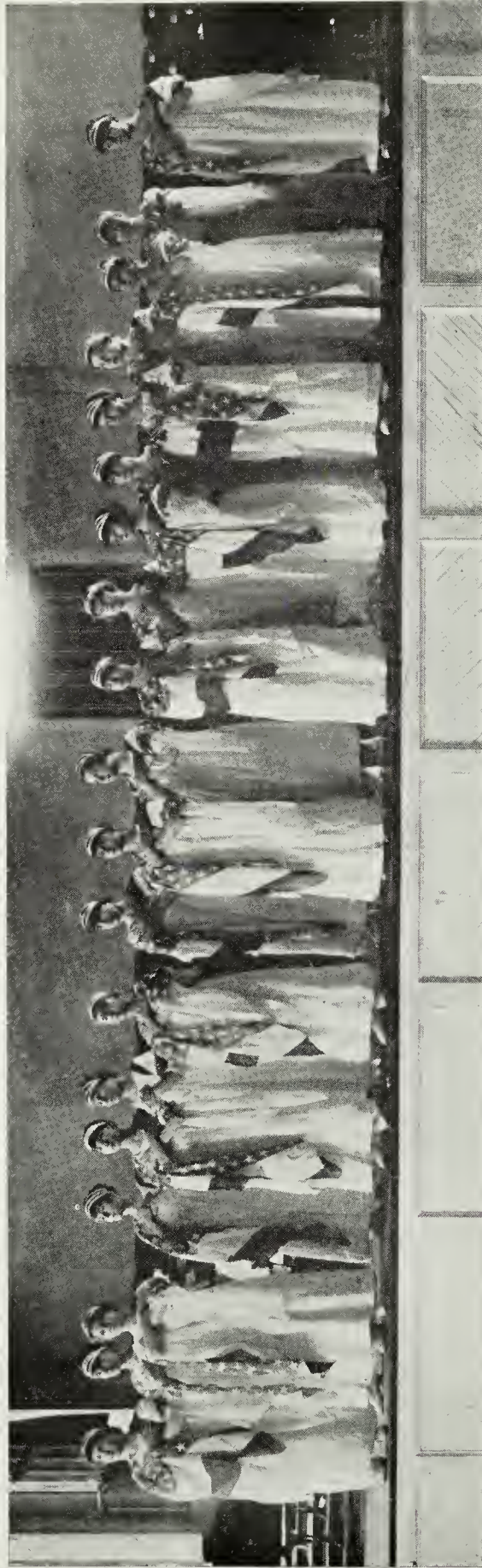
“Well, Mammy Lou; I am glad you waited for me. You know that to-morrow is the day I have to leave you—Oh, Mammy, it makes me so sad when I think of leaving my dear old Southern home, and going to that old Northern school, leaving Daddy—you, Mammy, all my chummies, and—and—James. Mammy, why do I have to go? I am sure Daddy loves me, and why should he want me to go? Oh, Mammy Lou, I wish there wasn’t any New York. Mammy, I can’t leave you all”—and here the sometimes dignified and composed Dorothy Clarington threw her arms around the old negress’ neck, and cried as if her young heart would break.

Mammy Lou said nothing for some time, for she said to herself that it would be “best to let her cry it out.” When the sobs had ceased she said:

“Hesh now, Honey; it hurts yo’ Mammy to see you crying. Don’ you cry no mo’; Mammy loves you same as you wus her own child, and yo’ Daddy Marse John loves you more’n you kin think of. He think you’d love to go North. He says he wants you to be an iducated ’oman and a refined ’oman. Now hesh up, Honey, and dry dem sparkling eyes, deys too pretty to be all civered with tears.”

Dorothy Clarington released herself from the old negress’ arms, and looked up into her face and said:

*(Continued on Page 169)*



Pantomime—"Star Spangled Banner"

PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS

*This be our Motto: "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST."*



# The Cannon Ball

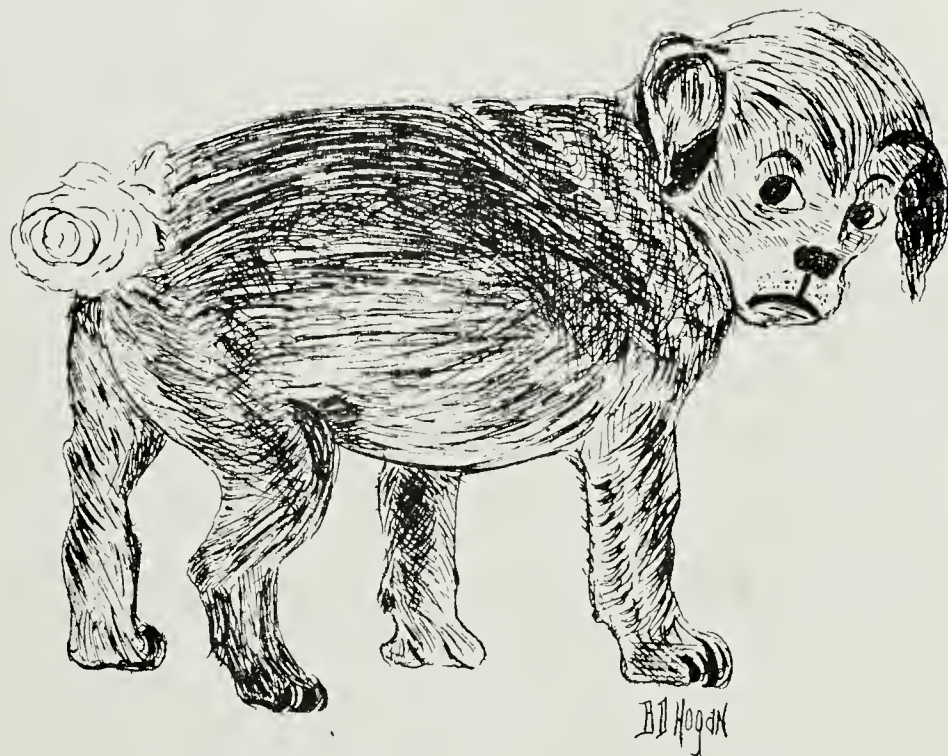
## Contents

Portrait of James Cannon, Jr., A. M., D. D.....	2
Dedication .....	3
Greetings .....	4
The Beginning .....	5
Faculty .....	6
Board of Trustees .....	9
Faculty Illustration .....	10
Mock Faculty Illustration .....	11
Campus Scenes .....	12
Board of Editors .....	13
Board of Editors of the Cannon Ball (Illustration).....	14
Assistant Editors of the Cannon Ball (Illustration).....	15
Greetings of Spring .....	16
College Class .....	17
Officers .....	18
Illustrations .....	19
Snapshots of the College Class .....	27
Class Song .....	28
Senior Class .....	29
Officers .....	30
Illustrations .....	31
History of the Senior Class .....	58
Senior Class Prophecy .....	60
Senior Class Song .....	64
Junior Class .....	65
Class illustration .....	66
Officers and Members .....	67
Sophomore Class .....	69
Class Illustration .....	70
Officers and Members .....	71
Freshman Class .....	73
Register of Members .....	74
Training School Register .....	75
School Group .....	76
Changed Tactics .....	77
Y. W. C. A. ....	85
Art Class Illustration .....	86
Kodak Scenes .....	84
Music Department .....	87
Class Illustration .....	89
Physical Culture Class Illustration .....	91
In Memoriam .....	92
Basket Ball Department .....	93
Basket Ball Illustration .....	95
Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	97
Senior Basket Ball Team Illustration.....	98

# The Cannon Ball

Junior Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	99
Champion Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	100
Tiger Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	101
Hustlers Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	102
Eagle Basket Ball Team Illustration .....	103
A Blackstone Calamity .....	104
Tennis Department .....	105
Senior Tennis Club Illustration .....	106
College Tennis Club Illustration .....	107
Junior Tennis Club Illustration .....	108
Sweet Sixteen Tennis Club Illustration .....	109
Tennis Scenes .....	110
The Spirit of the Hills .....	111
Clubs .....	121
West Virginia Club Illustration .....	122
Western Club Illustration .....	123
Tar Heel Club Illustration .....	124
Richmond and Norfolk Club Illustration .....	125
"Burgers" Club Illustration .....	126
Bedford County Club Illustration .....	127
Eastern Shore Club Illustration .....	128
Expression Class Illustration .....	129
Roud Dozen Kodak Club Illustration .....	130
The Dreamers Illustration .....	131
The Leapers Illustration .....	132
Needle's Companion Club Illustration .....	133
The Night Owls Illustration .....	134
The Eaters Illustration .....	135
Utopia Illustration .....	136
Eta Beta Pie .....	137
D. D. C. Illustration .....	138
O. H. R. Supper Club Illustration .....	139
M. N. R. Illustration .....	140
Our First Annual .....	141
Screams .....	143
Nuisances of B. C. .....	144
Whys? .....	145
Illustration .....	146
Resolutions .....	147
Miscellanies .....	151
Statistics .....	152
Society .....	153
Commencement Exercises .....	154
Campus Scenes .....	160
"Mammy Lou" .....	161
Pantomine—"Star Spangled Banner" .....	162





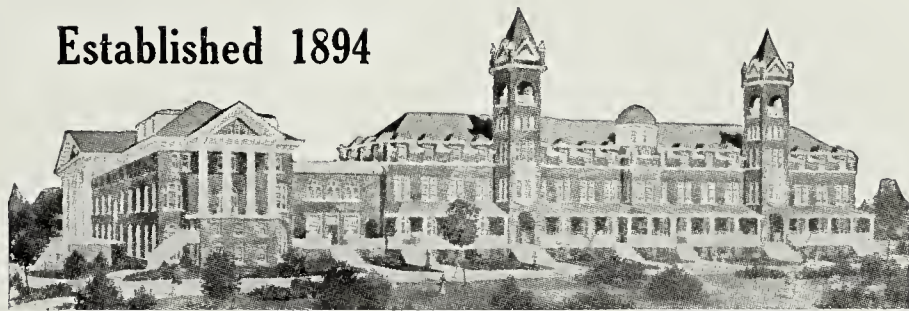
**“ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL”**

The Cannon Ball





Established 1894



**BLACKSTONE COLLEGE FOR GIRLS**

**JAMES CANNON, Jr., A. M., D. D., President.**

Faculty of 33; 427 Students, from 20 States.  
Accredited by Virginia State Board of Educa-  
tion. Hundreds of graduates now teaching.

\$160 per year in Academic Dept.; \$200 per year in College Dept.

**The Leading Training School for Girls in Virginia**

Where can parents find a College with as  
fine a record, with as experienced management,  
at such moderate cost? For catalogue address

**G. P. ADAMS, Secretary,**

**BLACKSTONE, VA.**

# The Cannon Ball

*Soda Fountain  
A Parlor for Ice Cream  
Hot and Cold Sodas*

*Phone  
Number Forty-One*

## ANDERSON & SMITH

“The Profit-Sharing Store”

### Fancy Groceries and Confectioneries

BLACKSTONE, VA.

#### *SHE WANTS HUYLER'S*

Every girl, every time, wants candy. Every discriminating girl wants *Huyler's*—the best candy. The College Girl, the Visiting Girl, the “Home Town Girl”—all love *Huyler's*, and naturally expect *Huyler's* when candy is given.

#### *THE BEST SODA SERVICE IN TOWN*

Once a trial, you will be convinced that we have an UP-TO-DATE FOUNTAIN where you can get the very best *Hot Chocolate, Sundaes, Sodas*, and all of the *Latest Drinks*.

---

---

#### THE NATIONAL DESSERT

### “The Velvet Kind” Ice Cream and Ices

*For Sale by Anderson & Smith*



No dish is so universally popular and equally appropriate, served at home—between meals—or at the most formal reception or banquet, and just as healthful as it is delicious.

#### FLAVORS:

##### “THE VELVET KIND”

*Vanilla  
Strawberry  
Peach  
Bisque  
Chocolate  
Pineapple  
Tutti Frutti  
Neopolitan  
(3 Flavor Bricks)*

Lynchburg Dairy and  
Ice Cream Corporation

LYNCHBURG, VA.



# Randolph - Macon College

## FOR MEN

1830      ASHLAND, VIRGINIA      1916

---

A Methodist institution that stands for genuine scholarship, manly character, Christian principles, and offers to its students the highest grade of education at the least cost.

Located in heart of historic Virginia, the birthplace of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay, sixteen miles from Richmond, with electric car and railroad service hourly.

Modern dormitories equipped with up-to-date home conveniences, such as steam heat, electric lights and shower baths.

Prepares men for the study of Law, Medicine, Applied Sciences and the Ministry.

Confers the degrees of B. S., A. B., and A. M.

Strong Faculty. All students, especially first year men, given personal attention by full professors.

Write us now about your own son who is planning to enter college next fall. A postal card will bring catalogue.

R. E. BLACKWELL, A. M., LL. D., President.

S. C. HATCHER, D. D., Vice-Pres. and Secy-Treas.

---

---

## EVERETT WADDEY COMPANY

Richmond, Virginia

---

### Society, Commencement and Wedding Invitations

---

The Largest Engraving Establishment in the South.  
Calling Cards, Monogram and Fraternity Stationery.

---

---

#### "MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 161)*

"Mammy, I am dreadfully ashamed of myself, but I did feel terrible before I told you about it, Mammy. It is hard to leave you all, and the South, Mammy Lou, but now you have shown me where it is best that I should go. How could I live without you, Mammy? I am going to New York to school, and I am going to be an educated woman, and you all are going to be proud of me, for to make you so is going to be my chief aim. Of course, I am not going to cry any more, and now, Mammy dearest, if you will help me, we will go and finish packing my trunks."

*(Continued on Page 172)*

The Cannon Ball

The gift that doesn't require an occasion—  
that is always timely—

*Your Photograph*



*Make the appointment to-day*

---

**L. R. CROWDER**

Photographer

BLACKSTONE, - - VIRGINIA



J. H. HARRIS, PRESIDENT

JOS. M. HURT, CASHIER

# THE CITIZENS BANK

ORGANIZED 1873

---

Capital	- -	\$100,000.00
Surplus	- -	\$ 34,000.00

---

*If You Want Your Money to Bear 4%  
Interest Ask for a Certificate of Deposit*

---

This Bank has been in active operation for 43 years, and no one has ever lost a cent by depositing with us.

# NOTTOWAY DRUG COMPANY

Next to Post Office

The House of Purity, Accuracy,  
Polite Service and Prompt Delivery

The place to buy your Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumes and Box Candies.

A fresh shipment of Purity VELVET KIND Ice Cream received every Monday morning for you.

Agents for CONKLIN and WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS, MARTHA WASHINGTON and WHITMAN'S CANDIES.

---

## NOTTOWAY DRUG COMPANY

PHONE 39

HARRY R. HAMLETT, Proprietor

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

---

---

PHONE  
No. 76.

*GIVE US A TRIAL*

OPEN 6 A. M.  
CLOSE 12 P. M.

## BLACKSTONE RESTAURANT

*FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN*

MAIN STREET

BLACKSTONE, VA.

CHRISTOS LAMPROS & N. FOTIADIS

Proprietors

MEAL TICKETS: Worth \$3.50 for \$3.00; \$2.25 for \$2.00.

---

---

### "MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 169)*

In the main office of one of the biggest firms of the little town of Citrony sat a man of about sixty years. His arms were stretched on the desk and his grey head was bent between them, and heavy sobs shook his massive shoulders. Will you be surprised when I tell you that this man was Dorothy's father?

In one of the minor offices of the same building was a much younger man, of about twenty years. If one could have seen him he would have readily come to the conclusion that he was worried about

*(Continued on Page 175)*



## The Cannon Ball

Motto: "To Help the Boy Make a Four Square Man"

# Blackstone Military Academy

A PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

*Offering*

COURSES IN ALL ACADEMIC  
*and* COMMERCIAL BRANCHES

Management distinctly Christian; compulsory school and church attendance.

Military Department equipped and directed by U. S. Government.

A School offering the very best training in small classes, under influences decidedly homelike.

*For Catalog and Information, Address*

E. S. LIGON, PRESIDENT



## COTRELL & LEONARD

MAKERS AND RENTERS OF

CAPS, GOWNS and HOODS

*To the American Universities and Colleges from the  
Atlantic to the Pacific.*

CLASS CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY

---

---

S. L. BARROW, *Pres.*      H. B. JONES, *V.-Pres. and Treas.*      J. L. MANSON, *Sec.*

## BLACKSTONE FUEL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

COAL, WOOD, HAY and GRAIN

*Headquarters for All Kinds of Feeds*

LOWEST PRICES

PHONE 43

BLACKSTONE, VA.

# SEAY-BAGLEY COMPANY



The Best Store in Blackstone for Dry  
Goods, Notions, Suits and Shoes.  
A Large and Up-To-Date  
Stock at all Seasons.

---

No effort will be spared to please the  
teachers and pupils of the  
Blackstone College



## The Cannon Ball

H. C. BARROW,  
*Pres. and Treas.*

G. E. BARROW,  
*Vice-Pres.*

W. L. JOHNSON,  
*Secretary.*

# BARROW GROCERY CO.

INCORPORATED

## WHOLESALE GROCERS

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS

BLACKSTONE, VA.

Wholesale Distributors of

POCAHONTAS  
CANNED GOODS

GOOD-NUFF  
PEANUT BARS

JEFFERSON FLOUR

SPICES AND  
EXTRACTS

CARAJA COFFEE

WHITE HOUSE  
TEAS

And All Leading  
Advertised Brands  
of Food Products

---

---

## DR. W. V. ATKINS DRUG STORE

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,  
TOILET ARTICLES,  
TOBACCO *and* CIGARS

*All Prescription Work Given the Most Careful Attention*

---

---

### "MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 172)*

something, for was he not walking to and fro across the room, his eyes cast to the floor? This gentleman was James Pickett.

Meanwhile, Dorothy and Mammy Lou were very busy packing the many trunks that were to take Dorothy's many treasures with her. They had not been here very long when Dorothy was attracted to the window by the sound of the voices of two negroes of the plantation. One of them had been singing that old hymn, "I expect to see Jesus when I die," and the other had been listening very attentively. Finally he said:

*(Continued on Page 177)*

# If You Are Wise

YOU WILL START A BANK ACCOUNT  
TODAY.

It is hard enough to make both ends meet *without figuring on the unexpected.*

And be sure the unexpected will come to you. NO ONE  
EVER ESCAPES IT.

Better start an account now and be prepared.

And why not make sure of a *good start* by placing your  
first deposit with us?

FOUR PER CENT PAID  
ON TIME DEPOSITS

---

First National  
Bank of Blackstone, Virginia



## The Cannon Ball

*"Best by Test Since 1884"*

*For Thirty-Two Years*

We Have Manufactured Our Famous

*Blood and Bone-Tankage  
Fertilizers for all Crops*

*See our nearest Agent or write*

*Blackstone Guano Co.,*  
INC.  
*BLACKSTONE, VA.*



---

COLLEGE CAPS AND GOWNS

*Direct from the Makers*

**W. H. SMITH & SONS** 25 N. Fourth St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Correspondence Invited from College and School  
Officials and Committees

---

"MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 175)*

"Jim, do you expect to see Jesus when you die?"

Jim replied, "Why, sho I do, Sam; don't you?"

"When do you expect to see Jesus, Jim?"

"Why, Judgment Day, co'se."

Then she heard Sam's long, drawling voice saying, "Aw shuh, I'll be dead 'en."

Dorothy smiled and went back to her work.

It was their custom to have supper promptly at six o'clock, so Dorothy and Mammy Lou finished packing the trunks, and Dorothy

*(Continued on Page 182)*

SEE Jones - Williams Co.

BLACKSTONE, VA.

*Always the Newest in*

*Shoes, Hosiery, Tailored Suits,  
Silks, Dress Goods, American  
Beauty and R. & G. Corsets.*

---

You can always find your every need in our Ladies' Department. Make your wants know to us. It will be a pleasure for us to fill your orders.

We are sole agents for the Famous DOROTHY DODD and WALK-OVER Shoes. All leathers and styles can be found in these brands at popular prices.

Our store is full of Ladies' Furnishings of every description that are too numerous to mention in this small space. This is the women's trading center of Blackstone because they can always find what they are looking for.

---

Yours to serve,

JONES - WILLIAMS CO., Inc.





# The Cannon Ball

( Reserved )

---

---

WM. H. WHITE

J. A. WHITE

## WHITE'S

Watchmakers and Jewelers :: Musical Goods  
BLACKSTONE, VA.

*Make Our Place Your Headquarters*

Mr. A. L. Bieter, a graduate of the Bradley Institute of Watchmaking, Peoria, Ill.,  
has charge of our Watchmaking Department.

---

---

YOU CAN DO *BETTER*  
LIVE *LONGER* and  
*HAPPIER* IN

## VIRGINIA

*Write Us for Any Information You May Wish.*

*The BEST BARGAINS Our Specialties.*

### THE REALTY COMPANY OF VIRGINIA

(INCORPORATED)

BLACKSTONE,

VIRGINIA



# The William Byrd Press

INCORPORATED

10 S. FOURTEENTH ST.  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

---

**W**E are prepared to execute orders for Artistic Printing which will command attention and admiration by its striking and original advertising features. Our greatest efforts are always made to maintain the printers highest and best standards of excellence.

Our select type equipment is being constantly augmented by the newest and latest faces. If you desire color combinations and arrangements of the most attractive character, our services are always at your disposal. We will be pleased to confer with you in reference to your requirements.

---

PROFESSIONAL STATIONERY

---

Quotations on Request. We Printed This Issue of "The Cannon Ball."

Blackstone Auto Co., Blackstone, Va.

*Ford Cars*

VULCANIZING AND REPAIR WORK

---

---

Dillard-Crawley Hardware Co., Inc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Agricultural Implements and Machinery

BUILDING MATERIAL

VEHICLES

HARNESS AND SADDLERY

BLACKSTONE,

VIRGINIA

---

---

ROBERT E. JONES

THE LEADING GROCER

*Dealer in*

*STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,*

*CONFECTIONERIES, CIGARS AND TOBACCO*

*HAY AND MILL FEED*

MAIN ST.

BLACKSTONE, VA.

PHONE 26.

---

---

“MAMMY LOU”

*(Continued from Page 177)*

went to her boudoir to dress for the evening. She chose her most becoming gown, and took special care that her hair was done becomingly. She had planned to look her best the last night she had at home, and she promised herself that she was going to pretend that she was just the gay girl, and she carried this out to perfection. At supper she joked with her father, and constantly kept Dinah's and Mammy Lou's face wrinkled with smiles. After the evening meal was over, her father led her to the piano and asked her to play. She played the things

*(Continued on Page 184)*



O. A. MEISTER

G. R. SMETHIE

# Meister & Smethie

LAW AND MISCELLANEOUS  
BOOK BINDERS

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS  
COLLEGE ANNUALS, MAGAZINES, &c.



105 and 107 Governor St.

Richmond, Virginia

---

---

5, 10 & 25 CENT STORE

5, 10 & 25 CENT STORE

## 5, 10 AND 25c STORE

Is the Place to Buy Your Novelties

Ribbons, Embroideries, Laces, Draperies, Post Cards, Pictures and  
Picture Frames, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Etc.

*We Are Headquarters for Candies*      *Your Trade Is Appreciated*

ROBISON & SON, BLACKSTONE, VA.

---

---

# L. B. Spencer Drug Company

The **Rexall** Store

Phone 48

BLACKSTONE, VA.

# Farmers Co-Operative Fertilizer Co.

Incorporated

*Manufacturers of*

## HIGH-GRADE FERTILIZERS

For All Crops

WRITE US FOR PRICES

FACTORIES: Blackstone, Kenbridge and Richmond, Virginia.

OFFICE: Blackstone, Virginia.

---

---

## STEPHEN LANE FOLGER

*Club and College Pins and Rings*

*Gold and Silver Medals*

180 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

---

---

### "MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 182)*

he liked best, for no one knew better than Dorothy. He had often told her of the songs her mother used to sing and play for him, and these were the ones he loved best. She had not been playing long before a knock was heard at the door. How well she knew that knock! A few minutes later James Pickett was ushered into the room by her father. Was she expecting this visitor? Yes, she knew he would come, and could anyone mistake the glances that passed between them?

*(Continued on Page 185)*



FOR

## Fine Jewelry, Hand-Painted China

And a Repair Department Surpassed by None

# F. B. DE SHAZOR'S

*Jeweler to the People Who Know*

Blackstone, Virginia

---

---

WE HAVE THE ONLY

## French Dry Cleaning and Dye Works in Blackstone

*Thoroughly Modern Equipment, First Class Service  
and Reasonable Prices*

Your patronage on this as well as your regular Laundry work will be appreciated.

### BLACKSTONE STEAM LAUNDRY, Blackstone, Va.

MAIL ORDER WORK SOLICITED AND GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION

---

---

PICTURE FRAMES  
MADE TO ORDER

## O. A. BLANTON

---

---

SCREENS

RUGS, ETC.

SHEET MUSIC

### FURNITURE

EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING

"BEST LINE IN TOWN"

FOR

MUSICAL

YOUR ROOM

---

---

### "MAMMY LOU"

*(Continued from Page 184)*

They were to retire early, for Dorothy would have to arise at an early hour in order to catch the northbound train. She went to the piano again, but before playing the last piece she would play on this greatly loved instrument for three long years, she asked her father and James what they would like her to play, and they answered in unison: "All That I Ask Is Love."

Dorothy left for New York the next morning, as she had planned. She continued to be brave until her departure, for not once did she

*(Continued on Page 186)*

## NEW TEACHERS' BOOKS

---

HAYWARD: <i>Lessons in Appreciation</i> .....	\$ .75
KENNEDY: <i>Fundamentals in Methods in Elementary School Subjects</i> .....	1.25
BAGLEY: <i>School Discipline</i> .....	1.25
WAYLAND: <i>How to Teach American History</i> .....	1.10
JOHNSON: <i>The Teaching of History</i> .....	1.40
HEATWOLE: <i>History of Education in Virginia</i> .....	1.25
LEE: <i>Play in Education</i> .....	1.50
CURTIS: <i>Education Through Play</i> .....	1.25
McMURRY: <i>Hand-Book of Practice</i> .....	.60

---

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

---

---

### “MAMMY LOU”

(Continued from Page 185)

express her regrets in going. But Dorothy never forgot the sad little smile that rested upon her father's face that morning.

Dorothy stayed in New York three years, and was to graduate the fourth year, but now she was to witness her second great sorrow—she was called home on account of the illness of her father. Shocked at the news, Dorothy quickly made her plans and came home, arriving just two hours before her father's death.

For many weeks afterwards Dorothy Clarrington was too deeply grieved to see anyone except Mammy Lou, but as the days went by she began to regain her strength, and to see the many visitors who came to express their sympathy.

One night not long after this she was sitting at the piano as she had three years ago. James Pickett was by her side, and was asking her to play “All That I Ask Is Love,” and here we see Dorothy Clarrington looking sweetly up into his handsome face, and we hear her saying:

“James, Mother and Daddy have gone to join the angels in Heaven, and I will sing, ‘All That I Give Is Love.’”

ANNE BASSETT.



The Cannon Ball

MRS. LEE MORGAN

DEALER IN

FINE MILLINERY

BLACKSTONE :: :: :: VIRGINIA

---

---













